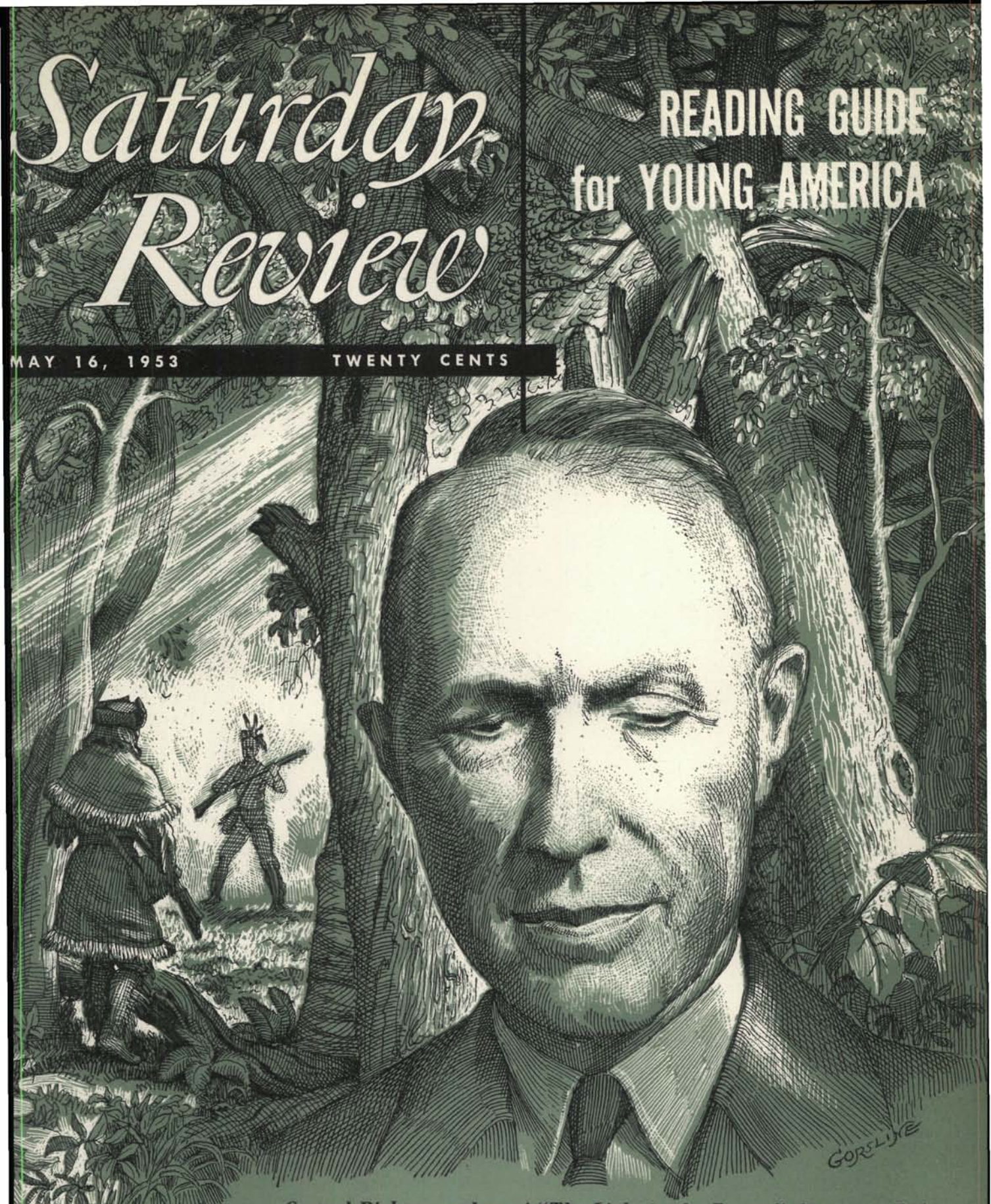
Saturday Review

MAY 16, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

READING GUIDE for YOUNG AMERICA



Conrad Richter, author of "The Light in the Forest." *(See page 12)*

The Great Turning Point

BY DAVID L. COHN

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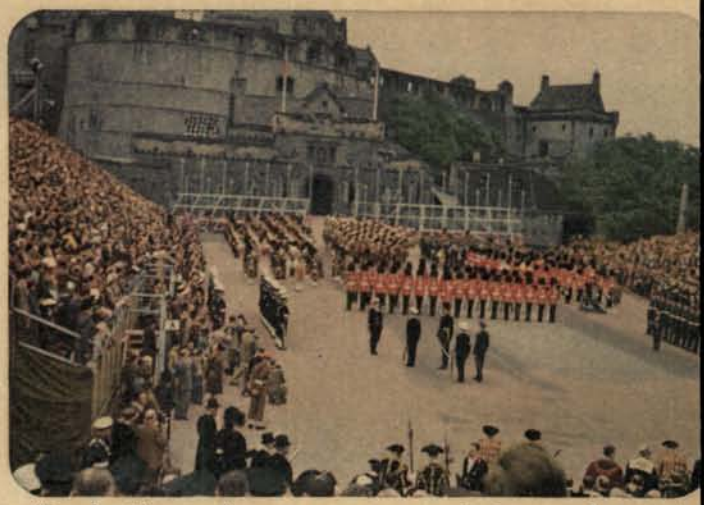
My 6 Best of Britain

Mrs. Gwendolyn Stranahan of Rockport, Me. shows you her favorite color pictures snapped on her favorite vacation!

"We rented a car for $5 a day and saw *all* of the most photogenic country in the world—*Britain!* Around every bend there's an irresistible shot—like this mellow Lowlands village street, with the stark ruins of an ancient abbey jutting up against the sky."



"In a land famous for pageantry, we were lucky enough to catch one of the most brilliant shows—the Military Tattoo at Edinburgh Castle. We divided our time in Edinburgh between sightseeing and shopping for bargains in tweeds and cashmeres."

"Seven centuries of history in a single picture—Edward I began Caernarvon Castle in 1285! We fell completely in love with Wales—a country of picturesque customs, rugged mountains, and the famous green valleys that are all you've heard—and more."

"When I focus my lens on one of Scotland's beautiful lochs, I'm in second heaven. This is the charming harbor at Tarbert, seen from the steamer that carried us up Loch Fyne, on the island-dotted western coast, and it isn't far to the romantic Highlands!"

"In the background: the dramatic Northumberland moors. Cyclists are a familiar sight on every English road, and we often stopped to chat with them. Britons are the friendliest people you'd hope to meet anywhere, and *they speak your language.*"

"This is Ullswater in Wordsworth's Lake District in England. And here's the rainbow of his poem 'My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky'. Do bring *your* camera along with you—and *do* see your Travel Agent now and come to Britain!"

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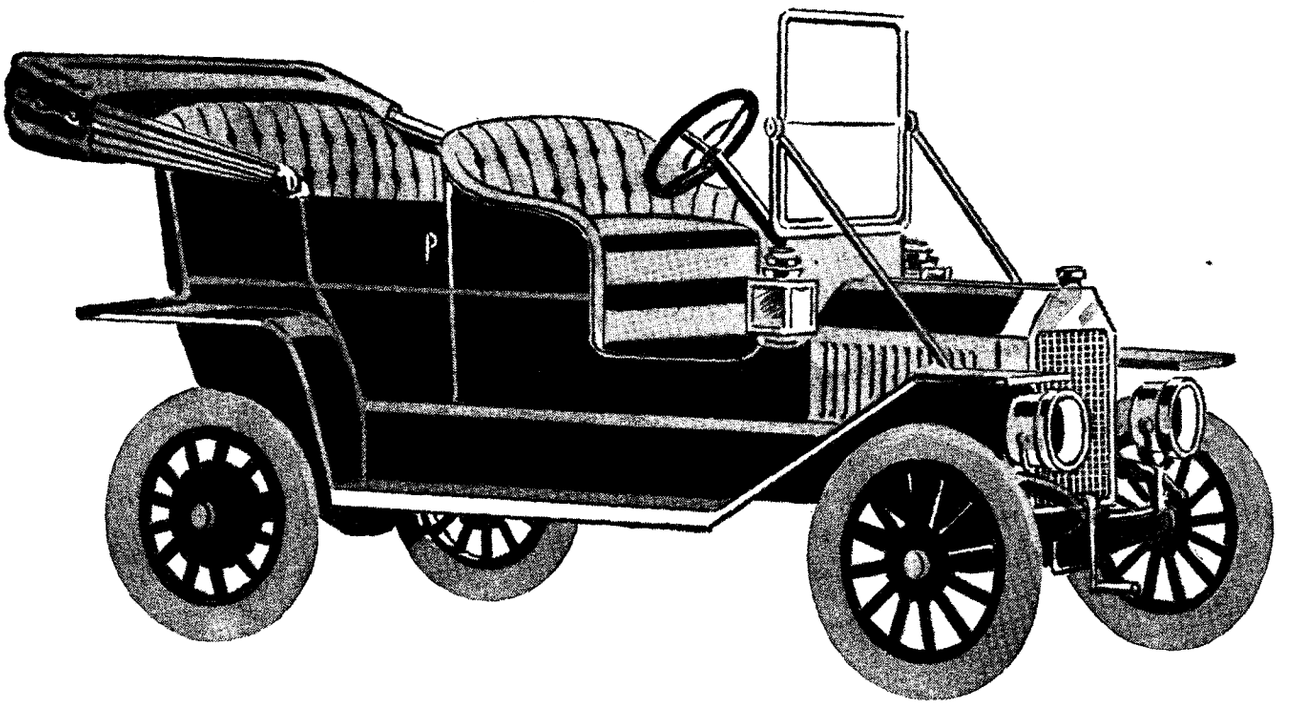
For free literature about Britain, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 4D, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

1953 joy ride



The automobile pictured above is shown in color, along with 28 other typical models, in World Book Encyclopedia's picture panorama, "60 Years on Wheels." Part of the 21-page article "Automobile," in the 1953 edition, it is just one example of the way World Book makes the process of gathering information a real "joy ride" for its readers.

No mere ivory tower scholars, World Books' editors went straight to the horse's mouth for facts for the new Automobile article. In Detroit, they discussed the project with automobile manufacturing executives and visited plants.

Distinguished automotive authorities wrote and authenticated the article itself, and ten artists were commissioned to draw the outstanding new diagrams and illustrations. Photographs were screened by experts for accuracy and suitability. Result: a *complete,* thoroughly accurate and interesting article on the automobile. It covers ways the automobile has changed our lives, history of its development, how it is built, what makes the wheels go 'round—everything about the automobile to interest young and old alike.

Free reprints of this new article, "Automobile," are available on request. Send for your free copy and you will see why World Book has become first choice of America's schools and libraries. Write to Mr. George M. Hayes, World Book Encyclopedia, Dept. 1415, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Illinois.

WORLD BOOK *Encyclopedia*

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

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There was a time in my life when Christmas would not have been Christmas had I failed to receive a copy of the latest Tod Moran book by Howard Pease.

¶ I can well remember the excitement with which I unwrapped "The Tattooed Man," "The Jinx Ship" and "Shanghai Passage"; and how I tested myself by putting off reading them as long as possible in order to heighten the pleasure of anticipation. I never once made it to New Year's Day.

¶ In the years since then my tastes have changed more than a little, and what with reading Joyce and Kafka and H. Allen Smith, I haven't had much time for Tod Moran.

¶ The other day, however, someone handed me the new Tod Moran book, "Captain of the Araby," and I found it did a very satisfactory job of taking me back through the years, which is as much as one can ask of any book.

¶ The Tod Moran books are sea stories, and Howard Pease is a wonderful story-teller. I won't give away his latest plot, but I will say that an important incident is the disappearance from a Tahiti-bound freighter of three copies of Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence."

¶ "Captain of the Araby" will be published on May 14. If you want to lure a teen-ager away from TV, give him (or her) a copy now, without waiting for Christmas.

¶ And why not look into the book yourself, and find out about those Maughams? I'll give you a hint: it was *not* another author who did it.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Captain of the Araby," by Howard Pease, is the twelfth Tod Moran book published by Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 20, May 16, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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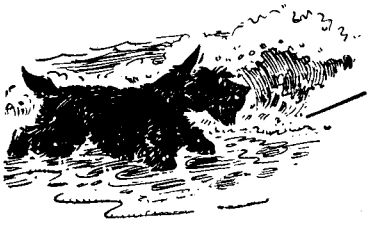
Good News

▶ MPF stands for Multi-Purpose Food. It was developed by Dr. Henry Borsook, professor of biochemistry at California Institute of Technology. It looks like yellow corn meal, and combines nutrients from inexpensive sources to provide a palatable, well balanced supplement for foods people commonly eat. It can be mixed with any kind of food without changing the flavor. Yet two ounces of MPF, costing a mere 3 cents, give as much nourishment as a quarter pound of beef, a glass of milk, a dish of green peas, and a potato. Thus two ounces of MPF can turn a bowl of rice, a dish of watery soup, or a piece of bread into a nourishing meal. Controlled feeding tests and reports from 126 relief agencies in eighty-four countries attest to both the nutritional value and the fact that MPF is welcomed by the hungry. Requests are pouring into the non-profit MEALS FOR MILLIONS FOUNDATION, 648 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California, from Korea, India and the Near East for "MPF" by the ton." Countries like India and Korea want to establish production facilities for MPF, using often wasted local resources. Only the scoffing of skeptics and the lack of money keep more millions of the world's starving from being fed.

▶ Amid all of the bad news that has flowed in unremitting succession from the Union of South Africa, there came the other day some that was really good. The South African Federation of Trade Unions and the South African Trades and Labor Council, along with several subsidiary organizations, constituting the principal organizations of South African labor, declared unequivocally that South African labor unions should be open to all, "irrespective of race or color." After a long, historic stand by labor for a privileged position on the basis of color, this decision to abandon the color line at this critical juncture in race relations within the Union was of revolutionary significance, for one of the most important factors prolonging the inferior status of the Negro has been the division in workers' ranks between black and white. This declaration of policy was a direct challenge on the part of all the forces of organized labor of the Government's apartheid policy that "there shall be no intermingling of Europeans and non-Europeans in trade unions." In recent years unions have been taking in Negroes increasingly as the number of skilled and semi-skilled Negro workers have increased.

—Donald Harrington.

Run For It!



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NEW WORLD WRITING

THIS month, the Third Mentor Selection of **NEW WORLD WRITING** appears, a daring publishing experiment just one year ago but today a substantial literary institution that has opened a vast new audience to the new writer of talent, and a rich field of new writing to the millions of readers of inexpensive books.

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THE Third Mentor Selection of **NEW WORLD WRITING** contains a rich and varied literary fare. Its 38 offerings include stories by Alberto Moravia and Malcolm Lowry, a section from Ignazio Silone's forthcoming novel, an article on "Sex and Censorship" by Margaret Mead and one by C. Tunnard and H. H. Reed, Jr. called "The Temple and the City," poetry by Edith Sitwell, Howard Moss and others, selected by John Malcolm Brinnin, and a fascinating satirical verse play by Richard Eberhart.

"**NEW WORLD WRITING** is a real cross-section of the best that is being done now in current literature" says the *St. Louis Globe Democrat.* We hope you'll pick up a copy of the Third Mentor Selection of **NEW WORLD WRITING** at your bookstore or newsstand. And if you haven't read the first two volumes of this important new literary publication, you can find them on the same Mentor rack, or write directly to us for your copy if your dealer is out of stock.

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TRADE Winds

THE PUBLISHER of paper-backed editions of a young writer whose whodunits sell in the millions has stopped clipping coupons long enough to disclose a bit of reassuring news. "We're editing the sexy junk out of his next one altogether," he announced cheerfully. "It'll be just pure, unadulterated sadism!"

Matter of fact, glancing over the latest crop of paper-backs at a big airport the other day, it struck me that the texts were a lot less offensive than they had been a few months back. The blurbs and the jacket designs now need editing a lot more than the books they misrepresent. It was reassuring, too, to note that the leading reprint houses very obviously have been mending their fences. Principal offenders today are the fly-by-night newcomers who will take to the woods the moment the going gets rough.

They are the ones who are encouraging police chiefs and unqualified zealots of every description to raise the ugly demand for book censorship again. (Signet and Mentor Books have brought suit against the chief of police of Youngstown, Ohio, for just such book-banning activities.) A little more self-discipline by publishers themselves and the snoopers will have been deprived of their most potent weapon.

IT'S STILL TOO EARLY to gauge the full impact of paper-backed originals on the publishing picture—or to tell just how profitable the innovation is likely to prove. While he has the field virtually to himself, the dynamic, if sometimes rash, Ian Ballantine is making hay, but what will happen if a fraction of his rumored competition ever actually enters the field is anybody's guess. His activities have had two definite effects on the older reprint houses already. One: more of their books are priced at thirty-five cents instead of a quarter. If the trend continues, quarter books may eventually be abandoned entirely. Two: the scale of guarantees on books chosen for reprint has gone up. The average guarantee used to be in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred dollars; today it's nearer four thousand. Many guarantees have reached a point where the reprint publisher obviously doesn't expect them to be earned. What he is doing is tacitly admitting that his profit margin on copies actually sold is sufficient to permit him to overpay somewhat on his guarantee. This amounts, in effect, to a slightly higher royalty than the reprinter has been paying heretofore—something both authors and original publishers have been clamoring for these many years.

The one policy of Ballantine Books that I simply cannot swallow is the business of publishing an original manuscript in a paper-back edition for thirty-five cents and releasing a hard-cover edition simultaneously—printed from exactly the same type—at a dollar fifty or more. A Western bookseller, who feels even more strongly about this procedure than I do, submits this short paragraph to highlight its dangerous possibilities:

> This is the story of a nice customer. Every bookseller knows him. He's the one who demands little service, picks out for himself the four or five books he purchases every month, and never complains, regardless of the service he gets. Nor does he return books for credit, because he doesn't think that sort of thing quite fair. Well, a short time ago he bought a book for three dollars. The very next day he discovered the same book on sale for less than a sixth as much in the drugstore just to the left of the bookshop and at the supermarket just to the right. He didn't bring the book back for credit. He didn't complain. He didn't criticize. He wouldn't dream of creating a scene. He's a decent, fair-minded fellow—and there are thousands like him. He's the *Customer Who Never Comes Back*!"

JOHN SARGENT IS the new general manager of the Garden City and Hanover House divisions of Doubleday's sprawling publishing empire. The ebullient Charlie Marshall, former occupant of the post, has been upped to general merchandising director of Doubleday, and will be roaming the countryside more persistently than one of those tennis "amateurs" who plays in tournaments eleven months a year. Sargent will have a new sales manager to help usher in his regime,

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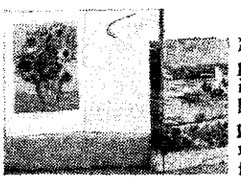
PORTRAIT OF A QUADRIMESTRIAL BONUS

Quadrimestrial = EVERY FOURTH MONTH; *bonus* = FREE *to members of The Heritage Club*

THERE ARE three beautiful, *beautiful* books in the portrait above. They have been out-of-print for seven years. That fact has made some thousands of people unhappy. Many of these people have been advertising widely to locate copies of these books. So now it will make them happy, to learn that we are planning new printings of all three—and there is reason for it to make *you* happy, too.

For these are not only beautiful books, they are famous books. They are "fictionized biographies" of three of the greatest painters that ever lived. One is Irving Stone's classic story about Vincent van Gogh, *Lust for Life*. The second is Hendrik van Loon's classic story about Rembrandt, *R.v.R.* The third is Merejcovski's *The Romance of Leonardo*.

These justly-famous Heritage editions are profusely illustrated *from the works of the painters themselves!* The illustrations are arranged so that they appear at the proper points in the stories of the painters' lives; and they are wonderfully reproduced, too: by three different processes!



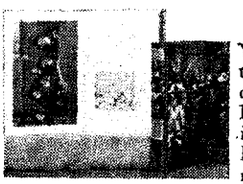
NOW WE are preparing new printings of these three books. They will be placed on sale in the retail book shops for $11.85 per set, in the growing series called The Heritage Illustrated Bookshelf. But, because they were first distributed to the members of The Heritage Club, the directors feel that the members of the Club hold a kind of partnership with them in the plates from which these reprints are being made. So a copy of each book is going to be given to each member of The Heritage Club, to inaugurate a new system of "quadrimestrial bonus" books: A FREE BONUS BOOK to each member of the Club every fourth month (that's *quadrimestrial*).

If you obtain a membership in The Heritage Club at this time, *and at this time only*, you will share in the distribution of this bonus. And we emphasize the phrase *at this time* because The Heritage Club is just now preparing the Prospectus of the books for a new annual series, the Eighteenth Series.

NOW YOU MAY KNOW that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not often publicly opened to new members—so *now* is your opportunity.

The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not *"de luxe,"* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the world's leading typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, and printed by the leading printers on fine papers chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, then handsomely bound and boxed.

And the members obtain these books for no more than they are called upon to pay for ordinary novels! Despite increases general throughout the book business, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or *only $3.28 if paying in advance!*



YOU ARE invited to send for a copy of the handsome Prospectus which is now on the press. If you obtain a membership in The Heritage Club at this time, you will not only obtain FREE BONUS copies of the three beautiful, *beautiful* books in the portrait above, you will also obtain: The Coronation Edition of *The Faerie Queene* by Edmund Spenser, illustrated with wood-engravings by Agnes Miller Parker and created at the Oxford University Press in England. You will obtain *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand, with full-color illustrations by Pierre Brissaud, in a new and quite wonderful adaptation by Louis Untermeyer; and *Swann's Way* by Marcel Proust, with full-color illustrations by Bernard Lamotte; and *Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens, profusely illustrated by Steven Spurrier the famous English painter; and Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, magnificently illustrated on the spot by the famous French painter Edy Legrand; and *The Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, and *Silas Marner*....

These are only a few of the titles.

YET, IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of four dozen Heritage books in print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet you may obtain them at a bargain price.

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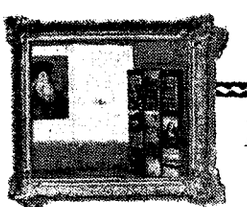

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too: John Gregg, who has done such an outstanding job on the West Coast for Doubleday these many years. . . . Gregg comes East on the heels of another West Coast luminary who has made good in the big time: Howard Cady. Cady became editor-in-chief of Little, Brown in Boston, just in time for the denouement of the purchase of a script from an Ohio convict which turned out to be a word-for-word copy of a previously published novel. And this fall he'll have the pleasure of racking up the take from one of the greatest lists one publisher ever offered the reading public. All Little, Brown's big guns, including Marquand, Cronin, Hilton, Sharpe, and Shellabarger, are delivering at the same time, and in addition there's Vercors's "You Shall Know Them," already earmarked as a July selection of the BOMC. All in all, it's a publisher's wildest dream come true—and it couldn't happen to a finer outfit, or at a more opportune time. A brief year ago, you may remember, Little, Brown was under fire from some of those rascals who are trying to scare all the liberals in America into abject silence.

OCTOBER IS A LONG WAY OFF, but Chicago is already planning a rousing send-off for Emmett Dedmon's book, "Fabulous Chicago," due at that time. In prospect is a Gay-Nineties shindig with ladies in bustles, gents in sideburns and mustaches, and all the society folk mentioned in the text scattered about the hall. They've already got the man picked out to lead the cake-walk. Fellow named Adlai Stevenson. . . . *The Chicago Tribune Book Review*'s big one-two punch, Fanny the Butch and Frederico the Bab, is still delivering a potent wallop. Miss Butcher will be guest of honor at the annual authors' luncheon of the Friends of the Chicago Public Library on May 23. . . . Observed at Field's: Princeton-grad Dick Kazmaier purchasing a book from Princeton-grad Bob Bangs. Bangs, no piker he, threw in a free catalogue. . . . Want a chicken pancake clear out of this world? Get someone to invite you to the Women's Athletic Club. . . . Kroch's and Brentano's are working on a basic catalogue that will govern the selection of shelf-stock for the country's book shops for years to come. . . . Stuart Brent's Michigan Ave. store has become the biggest distributor of psychiatric literature in the land. (The Chicago Psychiatric Institute is next door to his premises.) Brent plans to do some publishing of his own in the near future. . . . Have you ever traveled from Chicago to Duluth on the Soo Line? It made me want to send a note of apology to the Pennsylvania. The Chicago terminal looks like a movie set for a Civil War epic. . . .

I ARRIVED IN DULUTH, as usual, with the smelts. Purely a coincidence (I

"Did you people ever get that Iranian oil question settled?"

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think). . . . The good citizens of the city evidently were more interested in scooping smelts out of Lake Superior than voting in the municipal elections. Nobody was surprised when a George Johnson was elected mayor. That was the name of both candidates! . . . I was introduced to my Duluth audience by Margaret Culkin Banning, who is some pumpkins in those parts. Only a few weeks previous I had poked a bit of fun in Mrs. Banning's direction, and I found myself hoping desperately that it had escaped her attention. No such luck! Anyhow, she was courtesy and graciousness themselves, and when she and her husband, Leroy Salsich (who says he hates all literary folk), put me on the train, I felt duly honored. . . .

DES MOINES IS UNIQUE: it is not only Iowa's capital, but its only large city, and its great newspapers, the *Register* and *Tribune*, are read from one end of the state to the other. The population of Des Moines is 180,000; the Sunday circulation of the *Register* tops 525,000! Here are located Drake University and one of the country's finest locally owned department stores (Younker's), and here, too, are the home bases of two great publishing clans, the Cowleses and the Merediths. Ken MacDonald, editor of the *Register*, is obviously headed for journalistic heights, and columnist Harlan Miller has turned down offers from a score of papers in bigger cities because nothing can lure him away from his beloved Des Moines. Nothing can lure him away, either, from his fool idea of rewriting the best books of authors like Henry James, Spinoza, and even Shakespeare so "the man in the street can understand them." Harlan's beautiful bride, Doris, and I agreed that if "the man in the street" wasn't willing to educate himself to the point where he could appreciate the classics unabridged, he damn well didn't deserve to read them at all. . . .

IT WAS IN DES MOINES, too, that Max Ross, of *Look* magazine, told me about the poor shoe salesman who had pulled out half the stock in a vain attempt to satisfy a pernickety and overstuffed lady customer. Finally he mopped his brow and begged, "Mind if I rest a moment, lady? Your feet are killing me."

And magnate Julian (Steve) Brody explained why Pharaoh's daughter was like a shrewd, cold-blooded broker in a bear market. It's because she got a handsome prophet from the rushes on the banks.

—Bennett Cerf.

The Professor just had to get hep...

"Old Parse" they called him—and not just because he taught English, either. A lot of people had him marked down as just plain parsimonious. They wondered why he was always so worried about money, particularly since there was a well-founded rumor that he had come into a small inheritance.

But look at it his way.

Here he was moving closer and closer to retirement—with very little idea of how he'd get by.

His pension and social security would come to maybe $3,000 a year, but what with a wife and house the very least he could get by on would be $3,500.

True enough, with his inheritance and savings, he'd have about $15,000 by then, but interest alone just couldn't make up the difference—and what would he do when the $15,000 was gone?

Well, fortunately, some friend in "Economics" finally took Parse aside, told him that any number of high-grade bonds were paying better than 3%, while common stocks were yielding 5% or more. And wasn't it high time he learned something about investing? So he did.

He started by asking for our free booklet "*How To Invest*"—and wound up by requesting our Research Department to map out an investment program for a portion of his savings—one that could be expected to bring in $500 or $600 a year on the money he felt he could prudently put into securities.

And of course, we were glad to. Because we'll give any investor all the help we can—

Whether he has $1,000, $10,000, or $100,000 to invest . . .

Whether he'd like to know what we think of five stocks—or fifty . . .

Whether he ever does business with us—or doesn't.

There's no charge for these services, no obligation either.

They're yours for the asking when you write—

Walter A. Scholl, *Dept. JB-21*

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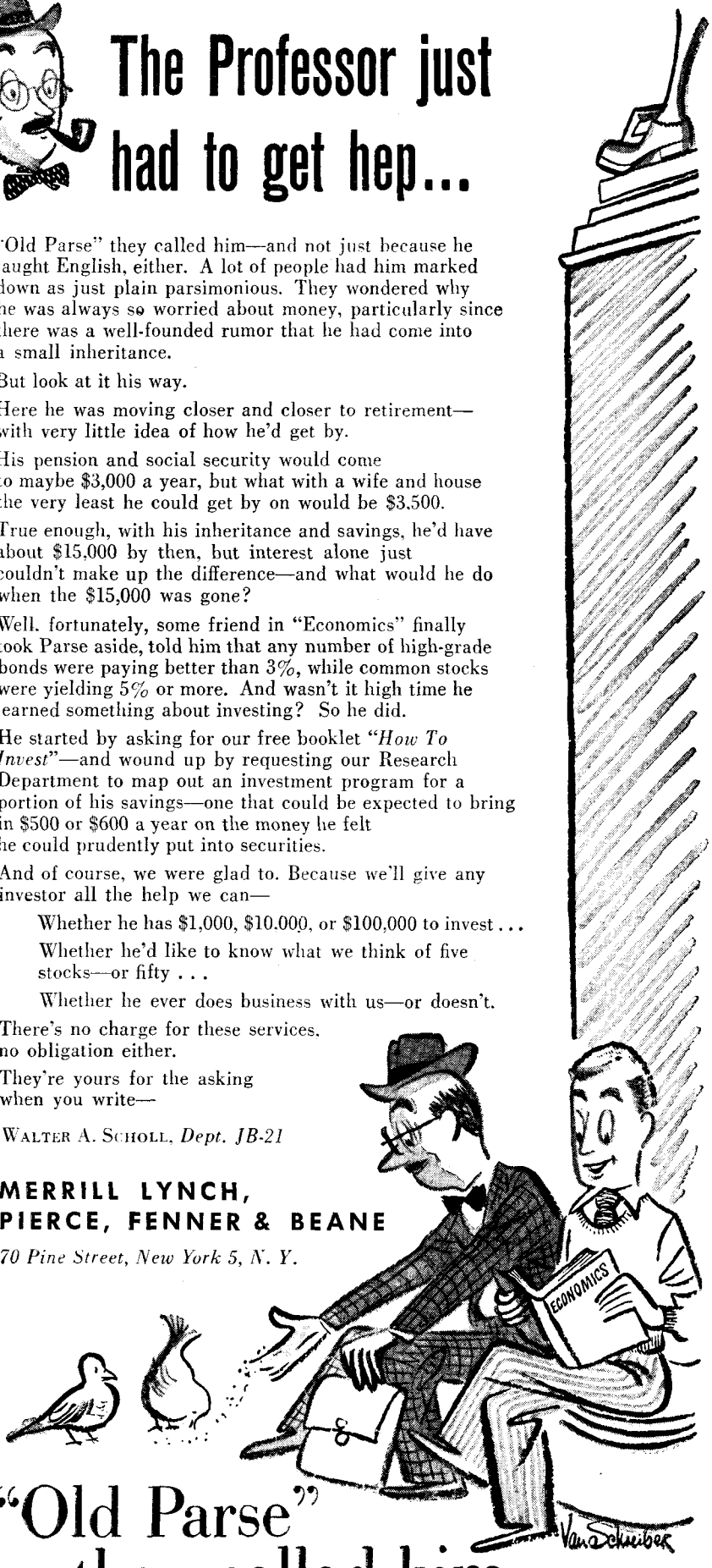

"Old Parse" they called him...

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The Great Turning Point

DAVID L. COHN,

who has been a war correspondent and world traveler as well as a shrewd observer, is also the author of several books, among them "Where I Was Born and Raised" and "This Is the Story."

WE are living in the night of total crisis. God is dethroned from his central place in the universe. Tradition loses the force of its compulsion. Ancient values are radically revalued. The great truths are denied or distorted. Black becomes white; the horizontal vertical.

Above the roaring of jet engines, one hears the quiet voice of Pascal's lethal antagonist: "I shall have to kill you because you live on the other side of the river. But if you lived on this side of the river I should not have to kill you."

Whole nations sink out of sight. Whole peoples are imprisoned. Whole populations are dispossessed to walk directionless upon the cold crust of a cold earth. This is not only a time of the breaking of the nations. It is also a time when men, possessed of a satanic knowledge, break the will of nations.

Today's instruments of communications are superb. It is natural to men to communicate with one another, business being one of their subtlest, most persistent efforts to this end. The discoverers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries sought to erase from their maps huge areas marked "terra incognita." Today, however, we are marking "terra incognita" upon large areas of the world map. They include the Soviet Union, containing one-sixth of the earth's land surface; Red China, with one-fifth of the world's population; Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Tibet. Even the names of the former Baltic states have disappeared. We know little of what goes on among more than a third of the earth's people.

Today, despite the technical achievements in communication, there is less communication between great groups of men than there was in the roadless, ox-cart Middle Ages. The airplane rusts in its hangar. The telephone rots on its cradle. The postman does not make his appointed rounds. Marco Polo had a freedom of mobility that is denied us; and so did Prester John.

Books are burned; their authors crucified. The shadow of the Grand Inquisitor lengthens. It reaches us even in the United States. Tongues thicken with fear.

Ours is the first civilization that ever chanted its own doom, hour by hour, day by day, to the agonized, silent, antiphonal chorus of millions of people. How many years is it since we began the chant? Yesterday: ". . . Fifteen of our airplanes failed to return." And now: ". . . Last night in Korea our patrols . . . The French, in the seventh year of their Indo-China war . . . The fighting in the Holy Land . . . A flight of Vampire jets landed today at Hong Kong . . . In Malaya yesterday Communist guerillas shot . . . Rioters in Cairo's streets burnt . . . Figures released today about our airbases in Greenland show. . . ."

We listen comfortably in our living rooms, as to tales of far away and long ago, credulous but disbelieving.

For centuries European wars were largely fought with armies of mercenaries. The lives of the people of the homelands were often little disturbed by the conflicts. Now we have people's armies and total mobilization with the people and their cities as prime military targets.

THIS is how war looks to them, as described by Carlo Levi:

> War weighs down upon the masses, although they take part in it, as a tremendous obscurity, as a phenomenon of nature, indifferent and mysterious. The cold stars of winter glitter in their familiar abodes in the cloudless sky; but from the four corners of heaven there swoop down, like angels or demons, the wings of the bombers. The howl of the city's sirens, in the gray dawn of the roofs, is the voice of war . . .
>
> A machine is speaking, a machine is fighting, and the man inside is no longer a warrior or really a man: he has merged with the machine and assumed its indifference, its certainty; together with it, he has turned again into a double monster, a beastlike monster of remote antiquity . . . A thousand new Orions, evil and smiling, are out to hunt through the great forest of heaven. At the roar of their horns the dragons of old awaken, and blood, ready to be shed, throbs violently in every heart, which is filled with ancient terrors and the most ancient hopes.

The wars increase in dimensions and destructiveness. (Britain lost one-fourth of her wealth in the last war.) They come at shorter and shorter intervals. There was a century of relative peace in the world between Waterloo in 1815 and the Marne in 1914; a long time for men among whom war is normal and peace abnormal. We then grew swiftly secure behind the shield of the British Navy, while Englishmen died at the Khyber and Khartoum, "far from the English speech and far from the English singing," as Masefield wrote of his countrymen at Gallipoli.

But there were only twenty years between the ending of the First World War and the beginning of the Second; a period, not of peace, but of uneasy armistice. (In 1917, when General Tasker Bliss, USA, was asked how long he thought the war would last, he prophetically replied: "For fifty years.") The last war, starting in 1939,

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continues today in all but name and scope.

As IT was man's first true world war, so today's revolutions are man's first true world revolutions. Their fires burn everywhere to some degree. Yet former great (Western) revolutions—the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French and American revolutions—did not affect all of the world. Asia, Africa, and other areas slumbered through them. Now Asia and Africa flame with revolution.

Two global wars have brought men not to their senses, but to the brink of penultimate disaster. The so-called peace of today is obviously a monstrous make-believe; a nightmarish fiction to which men lend credence for by so doing there may be hope of a day, and still another day, under the sun.

All the parts of the world are simultaneously and unprecedentedly out of joint. The commonwealth of fear is universal. More has "happened" to men within the past fifty years than during the preceding thousand years, there being, however, no plethora of Bachs or Shelleys. It is only thirty-nine years since German lancers clattered down the Roman roads of Belgium on an afternoon of summer in 1914 when the nineteenth century lay a-dying. But what mind can envisage, much less fully understand, the measure of change that has since occurred?

The face of the world has undergone a cruel surgery; there has been an incomparable destruction of lives and treasure; the lamps of civilization have been dimmed almost to extinction. The period witnessed the disappearance of ancient kingdoms and the rise of new nations; the earth-shaking Russian revolution; the coming of Soviet Russia and Communism as world forces; convulsions of the East productive of such mighty phenomena as Red China and free India; the swift decline of the British, French, Netherlands, German, Japanese empires; the forced transfers of populations; the enslaving and slaughtering of tens of millions of people; the shattering of channels of commerce built up through centuries; and—a phenomenon of the first magnitude—the emergence of the United States from isolationism to world leadership.

This period also saw a baleful light never before known on earth as we exploded a lesser sun over Hiroshima. But among men there is neither peace nor prospect of peace. Before them the granite mountain; behind them the icy sea congealed.

The captains and the kings depart. Only yesterday they were a numer-

(*Continued on page 35*)

—SR *drawing by Shigaki.*

"... we are living in the night of total crisis."

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FICTION

Code of the Tragic Encounter

Harriette Simpson Arnow,

author of several fictional studies of pioneer life, discusses the picture of Indian-white man relations presented in the work of CONRAD RICHTER, *and especially his latest novel,* "THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST."

THERE are at least two sides to everything, including that peg on which many a writer has hung a blood-and-thunder tale, the American Indian.

More than three hundred years ago the Jesuit fathers wrote of the generosity, the patience, the morality, and the love of children found among the savage Hurons. As the years passed, many others, particularly William Barton, saw the Indian as a kindly and hospitable person with a strong sense of duty and a deep regard for his fellow man. Love for the Indian was strong among whites carried off into captivity. Christopher Gist, writing in 1750, remarked of the white woman Mary Harris, who had been a prisoner of the Indians for upwards of forty years, "She still remembers they used to be very religious in New England and wonders how the White Men can be so wicked as she has seen them in the woods."

This other side of the Indian seems to have been pretty well neglected by novelists, as well as writers for the screen. The Indians in the stories of Conrad Richter have ever been a happy exception. Through his white characters he has recreated a variety of attitudes and relationships that in the end show that the Indian not only had his side to the question, but that the role the redskin assumed depended much on the person who happened to be looking at him.

This was particularly true of Mr. Richter's trilogy, a masterful recreation of life in post-revolutionary Ohio which began with "The Trees" (1940), continued with "The Fields" (1946), and concluded with the Pulitzer prize-winning "The Town" (1950). In "The Trees" an Indian visit was, at least to the children, a terrifying thing, and lurking Indians were a potential danger in the woods. As the years go by, and the Indian becomes as completely subdued as the forest, we see him sometimes pitiful, often ridiculous, or merely boresome, as Little Turtle was to young Chauncey in "The Town."

In Mr. Richter's new book, "The Light in the Forest," a short and highly readable tale, he for the first time turns things completely around and shows the white settler as he appeared to the Indian. Readers of "The Trees" have already heard old Worth Luckett, the hunter, tell the story of the forcible repatriation of the Shawnee and Delaware white captives in the woods beyond Fort Pitt in 1764. Worth was a boy then, following his favorite general, Bouquet, but he never forgot the weeping of the warriors and the white captives as they parted.

IN "The Light in the Forest" we once again "tramp the same trace" that Worth tramped then and again years later with his family when game got scarce in Pennsylvania. But this time we walk in the other direction, with Indians instead of white men. We accompany the repatriate, fifteen-year old True Son, his cousin Half Arrow, and Little Crane, the latter two walking with the captive whites as comforters. Though True Son is the only one of the three who is bound and forced forward, all have in a sense come under the bondage of the white man. They are Delawares and their old hunting grounds east of the mountains are now fenced fields. They have grown increasingly dependent upon the white trader's goods.

True Son had no memory of having once been John Cameron Butler, a four-year-old white child in Pennsylvania. He knew he was an Indian, for had not his father, Cuyloga, taken him in place of his own dead son, and said words that took out the mean white blood and put good Indian blood in its place? The evil white man had forced his father to send him into captivity, but he would return.

Through True Son's thoughts and his conversations with his Indian friends and with Del Hardy, the only sympathetic white character in the book, we enter the Indian's mind and heart. True Son had been well indoctrinated by Cuyloga, and in those times propaganda came in only the two colors—black and white. In mat-

THE AUTHOR: The career of Conrad Richter is a triumph of talent over $25. Back in 1914, Richter, then twenty-four, wrote "Brothers of No Kin," his first story. *Forum* published it, and by the time December 31 rolled around Edward J. O'Brien not only had decided to anthologize it in his annual but had singled it out as the best story of the year to boot. Well, that's the sort of recognition that would please any writer, and it pleased Richter, too, except that Richter was not pleased by *Forum*'s check, not pleased at all. It was for $25. "I told myself," Richter later recalled, "that if this was what one got for the 'best' story of the year, I had better stick to business and write in my spare time." Richter did exactly that—his business being the publishing of a children's periodical in Pennsylvania, and his spare-time writing being magazine stories. By 1928 however, Richter had had enough of: (1) the East on a year-round basis; (2) publishing; and (3) spare-time writing; so he hightailed it out West, to Albuquerque, where he has lived off and on ever since. Here his talent broke out of the boundaries he'd set in *Forum* days. The West, it turned out, was just what the doctor ordered, a diagnosis anyone can check by leafing through Richter's "Early Americana." It appeared in 1936, a year before the publication of "The Sea of Grass," his first novel. Richter has since written half a dozen others, the last of which, "The Town," won the Pulitzer Prize in 1951. Anyway, when Richter is not at Albuquerque, he is apt to be at Pine Grove, Pa., where he was born, and when he's not at either place he is apt to be traveling which is exactly what he's doing right now. "He's in Sante Fe," Miss Harvena Richter, his daughter, reported in New York the other day. She had just had a letter. "The West is very dear to him," she said "especially the Old West. No air bases. No atom projects. You can still find that West off the main roads, up in the mountains. That's where he is today, I'm sure."

—BERNARD KALB.

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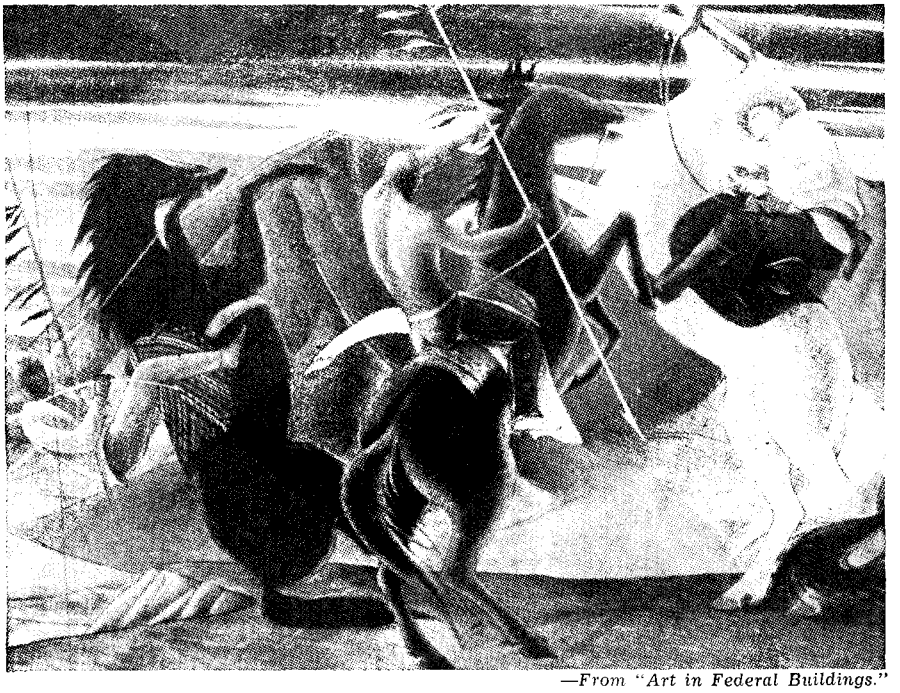
ters where the white man was not downright cruel and mean he was contemptible or foolish. Particularly stupid were his ideas on religion and property. True Son, like the native born Indians, had no understanding at all of capital goods, and even his ideas on the ownership of food and shelter were considerably left of center. He knew that hunger like food was something to be shared in common.

True Son's cousin and friend had to turn back, but he is forced on across mountains and past the ugly fenced fields that are for him a symbol of the land stolen from his people. He is at last, though still under guard, turned over to his white father, Harry Butler. Compared to Sayward's meeting with the long lost Sulie in "The Town," this meeting seems wooden and unreal. In that other meeting we felt the Indian wall between the two, but we also felt the love. Here, there is little but the wall. The characterizations of all the members of True Son's white world seem an abrupt and unhappy departure from the other human beings Mr. Richter has brought alive for us. The strict aunt, the invalid mother, the righteous relatives with their staunch beliefs in guilt by association and Indian-killing, these seem too much like figures drawn on purpose to build a way of life contrasting sharply to the one that True Son knew.

Still, the reader is made to feel for the boy, smothered in religion, efficiency, and prosperity. We suffer under the physical burdens of his captivity—the thick boots, the smothery plastered walls, the hateful woman's work he is forced to do like hoeing corn or carrying water, and the hard slap of his uncle Wilse who is certain they will never get the red blood out of him. The only person for whom True Son feels any kinship is his younger brother Gordie.

WE are not surprised when True Son runs away with Half Arrow when his cousin comes to visit him. On the boys' trip across the mountains and during their stay by the river, Conrad Richter's words become a kind of magic evoking sight and sound and smell of the woods, the rain, the river. We feel the freedom of the Indian, the joy of living on an Earth that is indeed our mother giving us freely of her food and shelter.

But once back home True Son learns that an Indian as well as a white man can believe in guilt by association. Just as his Uncle Wilse found him forever suspect, not because of what he had done, but because of what he might do, so did the relatives of Little Crane feel about him now. It was decided he must prove his complete loyalty by some daring deed of reprisal against the whities.



—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

"Indian Fight"—Study for Mural in the Colorado Springs Post Office.

While on a raiding party True Son for the first time learns that the Indians, too, kill children. More and more the white man and the Indian war within him as the dramatic test of his loyalty draws near. He thinks of his white brother Gordie, but he has no wish to try to be a white man.

There is no one to answer True Heart when he cries, "Then who is my father?" He loves his father Cuyloga still, but he cannot go back to yesterday. Maybe he was too young to know that any one could ever say as old Worth Luckett said, "White skinned and red skinned both. I don't know to this day which was the best."

Like all good works of fiction Conrad Richter's fiction means different things to different people. Simply stated, his trilogy is the story of the realization of the great American dream. In the time between the Revolution and the Civil War a port of timber by a river grew to be Americus, a prosperous town with a waterfront, many churches, and a railroad; and in this town there was a fine brick house where died a rich old woman who remembered the green twilight of the great forest and how it was to live from the woods with neither bread nor salt. The pioneers have conquered everything—trees, Indians, loneliness, mud, distance, ignorance, poverty—for some everything is conquered except ambition, death, fear of change, and such things as ugliness and the smell of the waterfront.

Though Mr. Richter's work is highly readable and filled with exciting episodes and situations, the reading of it seems more like an experience shared with another than an adventure into another world. His world becomes our world; we live in it and draw our own conclusions. His people are neither saints nor sinners. Sometimes the background itself, the trees, the stumpy fields, a new house becomes the protagonist. But whether in the role of villain or hero that is left to the reader to decide.

IN "The Town" we see men like Sayward, the successful old man of wealth and position, harking back to the pioneer days of fierce struggle. They got the world of which they had dreamed, and from the splendor of its civilization they looked back to the time when a man was bound by nothing but his dreams, not even hampered by wealth or social position.

"The Light in the Forest" seems a continuation of this harking back. It is almost as if some old pioneer had turned and looked over his shoulder. Maybe it would be better to say Mr. Richter looks back. Evil he has ever mixed with the good and weakness with strength, usually all in one person. Until the town is built we are most often with the successful person, but when everything is won, we can consider those who through no fault of their own are doomed to failure like True Son—and ponder on the price the others pay. One price was hatred, but once triumphant, it is no longer necessary to hate the thought or thing or person that stood in the way. [Alfred A. Knopf. 179 pp. $2.50.]

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—By Claire Leighton for "Southern Harvest."

Community of Pride

Harvey Curtis Webster

finds further proof that the Negro novel has come of age in reviewing "Go Tell It on the Mountain," *by a brilliant newcomer,* James Baldwin.

ANYONE who wants to cling firmly to his belief that Negroes are an inferior group should avoid knowledge of the Negro novel in our century. In the early 1900's most novels by Negroes probably were unpublished; those that were usually were cries of anger without measure or pleas for condescension. In the years between 1920 and 1950, the best novels by Negroes continued to emphasize either anger or compliance, but anyone who read could see the immense gain in craft the novels of Arna Bontemps, Langston Hughes, Chester Himes, and Richard Wright represented. In the Fifties—with Wright's "The Outsider," with Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," and now with James Baldwin's "Go Tell It on the Mountain"—the Negro novel has finally come of age. Sensibly, the protagonist is a Negro in all these books, but he is a Negro enmeshed in the human dilemma, not just a victim of underprivilege, segregation, and unreasoning violence.

Mr. Baldwin's first novel is about a day in the life of the leading members of the Temple of the Free Baptised in Harlem. This one day suggests the essence of all the days of Gabriel, Florence, Roy, Elizabeth, Elisha, and John. Gabriel, a minister from the Deep South who both lusts and represses unreasonably, is a god who punishes his own sins in others. His sister, Florence, hates his rigidity and hopes God is more merciful than he is. Elizabeth, Gabriel's second wife, hopes her illegitimate son John will experience "glory" before he accepts the rigors of salvation. Roy feels and acts damned. Elisha feels and acts saved. John, the central figure, is a fourteen-year-old boy who longs almost equally for salvation and damnation until the final scene when he descends into the pit (like Thomas Mann's Joseph) to rise again.

During the course of this day, with its simple events of home and church, each of the characters credibly recalls and relives his past in the North and South. The past of these representative, uneducated Negroes includes rape, race violence, police beatings, suicide, white-hatred, and the hope of heaven. Their past, which differs from that of a comparable group of white people in degree rather than in kind, makes their present both believable and extraordinarily interesting. What happens on the one day that is the book's focus makes plausibly sympathetic the Holy Roller religion and, at the same time, reveals a good deal that is the mystical basis for even sophisticated religion.

Mr. Baldwin's first novel is written as skilfully as many a man's fifth essay in fiction. His handling of the flashbacks so that they show the past without interrupting the drama of the present is masterful. His penetration of the mind of John, especially in the scene of his conversion, is as valid as anything in William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" and as moving as the interior monologues in Faulkner's "As I Lay Dying." Although Mr. Baldwin does not have either Wright's or Ellison's capacity to take all modern problems as his province, he never descends into the provincialism that has made so many Negro novels read like footnotes to Myrdal's "An American Dilemma." "Go Tell It on the Mountain" fulfils a great deal, promises more. Mr. Baldwin's readers will hope for the quick (but not too quick) completion of the second novel which he is writing at present. [Alfred A. Knopf. 303 pp. $3.50.]

World of Big-Wheels

James Kelly

believes that Budd Schulberg *is a disenchanted man, and to prove his case, cites Schulberg's new collection of short stories,* "Some Faces in the Crowd."

ON THE basis of three novels and a just-published volume of fugitive short stories, "Some Faces in the Crowd," one might conclude that Budd Schulberg himself has found the aptest Schulbergian descriptive: disenchanted. In "The Disenchanted," he was that way about the literary life and Hollywood hard times of a writer who felt like a certain Pied Piper of the Jazz Age. In "The Harder They Fall," it was the tough, crooked, and sleazy fight racket during the halcyon days of Carnera the Ambling Alp that caught the jaundiced reporter's eye. And remorseless Sammy Glick of "What Makes Sammy Run?" remains up to now the most terrifying symbol of what it used to take to get ahead in the motion-picture business.

Because Budd Schulberg is a sound journalist who draws upon material that he has lived with or authenticated, the twenty entries of "Some Faces in a Crowd" are packed with verisimilitude. Few observers know more about Hollywood, where he was raised and where he worked as a screen writer, or about the boxing business, where he has been identified as *aficionado* and sometime participant in the career of a pretty good club heavyweight fighting out of Trenton, N. J. More than half the stories in the book are firmly rooted in the fertile soil of these two areas, the rest stemming from random childhood memories or incidents of wartime training and service.

But a collection of stories like this indecently reveals an author's range of subjects, what interests him, the depth of his perception, his point of view, the paucity or versatility of his style.

It is a trap, and Schulberg falls into it—a casualty of his own rebellious frame of mind. To begin with, he is suspicious of all Head Men, depicted here as uneasy end-products of a dog-eat-dog process among phonies, ingrates, bullies, eccentrics, and dreamers right out of the final scene of "The Iceman Cometh." He believes that fame is fleeting, loyalty about as rare as the whooping crane, and moments of glory illusory.

In Schulberg-land, the heels are at work, the realities are squalid, and the prognosis is dreary. Altogether, a real picnic for any reader who likes to

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have his worst suspicions confirmed. Not much fresh characterization is involved or intended in the twenty pieces, but they are presented in a slick blend of pungent slang, documentary detail, and hollow-ground satire that makes them go down well. With more human sympathy and less polemical heat, one surmises that they might go even better.

In lead-off position, "Your Arkansas Traveler" passes along the inside story of Lonesome Rhodes, a cornball (and alcoholic) cowboy singer and philosopher who rides public gullibility to the top rung of radio and television. An *ersatz* product of publicity, commercial sponsorship, and the happy accident of mass communications, Lonesome gives the author plenty of chance to deliver witty sayings and punchy lines: "Lonesome just had a severe case of American success, that's all . . . it takes a particular hopped-up kind of free society. This is a real screwball country, if you stop to think about it. Where else would the girls be tearing the clothes off skinny, pasty-faced boys with neurotic voices like Frank Sinatra and Johnny Ray? Or making Lonesome Rhodes, an obvious concoction if there ever was one, their favorite lover-boy and social philosopher?"

"The Typical Gesture," this reviewer's favorite, provides an acerb and funny study of a famous actor who lends his presence to World War II, accompanied by a faithful retainer who has proved himself in other wars.

There's one called "Crowd Pleaser," a perfectly reported ringside conversation between two hostile spectators; another called "Meal Ticket," about a has-been fighter who tries to graft his dreams on a younger brother; an amusing vignette of a Navy indoctrination school trainee who wants to be a leader of men; Hollywood glimpses of the producer surrounded by people who want something, the down-and-out director trying to make a comeback, the fair weather friends, the studio underlings. Sprinkled through, a few short takes on gymnasium "characters," lit'ry encounters, marital relations, childhood observation posts, and so forth.

The sharpness of Mr. Schulberg's eye and ear and his stature as a well-stocked young American writer require no comment here. They are established literary landmarks. But his long-standing admirers may agree that "Some Faces in the Crowd" fails to display them to the very best advantage. [Random House, 308 pp. $3.]

—William Cole

James Baldwin "enmeshed in dilemma."

—Walter Bird

Rosamond Lehmann "poetic style."

Budd Schulberg—"hopped-up kind."

Torn by Harpies

Harrison Smith

hails ROSAMOND LEHMANN'S "THE ECHOING GROVE" *as showing the refinement of a fine talent first exhibited a quarter of a century ago in the well-remembered "Dusty Answer."*

IT IS twenty-five years since Rosamond Lehmann published her sensitive and emotional first novel, "Dusty Answer." In the five books that have followed, she has developed a delicate, precise, and poetic narrative style which few writers today could hope to emulate. Like Virginia Woolf, she lives in the thoughts of her characters, plunging deeply into their memories, subjecting them to a searching and remorseless analysis of their weaknesses or touching them gently in moments of calamity. She has perfect command of the literary device called "the stream of consciousness," which enables the writer to operate simultaneously in several periods of time. Her supreme gift is her instinctive knowledge of women and her ability to evoke a nostalgic feeling for youth.

In "The Echoing Grove," her latest work, she tells the story of two sisters who are in love with the same man, Madeleine, beautiful and demanding wife of Rickie, and Dinah, his younger sister-in-law, who was unbalanced emotionally and intellectually stirred by the feverish pulse of the times preceding and during the war. The novel begins with their meeting after a long separation in Madeleine's small country house, two widows approaching middle age who must live together, bound together by their memories of Rickie, and by their inability to understand why he had left the wife and the children he loved to live with Dinah, or why he had in turn abandoned her and returned to his home, stunned and ill.

Rickie was not a philanderer nor essentially a weak man. Raised among the county aristocracy, he had been driven by his ambitious mother and his wife to sell his land and establish himself in a successful business in London. Divorce was futile since the law prevented him from marrying the sister of a living wife. Their third child was conceived in a furious embrace on the night he came to Madeleine to tell her of his obsessive love for her sister.

This strange relationship in which passion, love, and loyalty were in conflict Miss Lehmann tells with a sensitive understanding. Yet the reader is often confused in the long

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debate between the sisters. Was it their fault that Rickie destroyed himself by refusing to seek medical advice for the ulcer that finally led to his death? Were they demonic figures in a private woman's world struggling with each other for victory, or was he simply a man who for whatever reason demanded two women who were the opposites of each other to fulfill his need?

The novel is only half over when Rickie dies, but strangely he remains more alive than ever, the protagonist throughout the long recreation of his memories, his acts, his words. He emerges as a wholly believable figure, dominating the story, and obsessing the widowed sisters he had loved too much or not enough, it is hard to say.

"The Echoing Grove" is the psychological novel at its best. For its full impact on the reader it demands more attention and thought than the more strident and obvious novels to which we have become accustomed. It has its frightening aspect, too, in the conception of two aging sisters living together for the rest of their lives and revealing to each other, as if they were naked and unashamed, every aspect of their lives, and thus recreating a dead husband and lover who had been driven to his death by both of them. [Harcourt, Brace & Co. 373 pp. $3.95.]

Lost Worlds of Daisy

Milton Crane

finds in the reissuance of EDMUND WILSON'S *long out-of-print 1929 novel,* "I THOUGHT OF DAISY," *an occasion to reexamine its author's philosophy and practice of the art of fiction.*

LIKE all Edmund Wilson's work, his first novel, "I Thought of Daisy," published twenty-four years ago, is a valuable and illuminating document. It is also a chapter of cultural history. Whether it is a good novel is a question that appears to disturb its author, whose foreword to a new, just-issued edition discusses in some detail the original plan of the novel and the respects in which the finished book fell short of success. As self-criticism, the foreword is notable for its uncompromising detachment; Mr. Wilson is less generous with his own work than he would be with that of another writer.

He reports, among other things, that he considered but discarded the idea of expanding "I Thought of Daisy" to bridge the gap between the first and second postwar periods. In a sense, however, he had already carried the story forward in "Memoirs of Hecate County," his second considerable work of fiction.

The novel "I Thought of Daisy," with its rather mechanical satirical framework, permits its narrator to observe and comment on typical intellectual currents of the 1920's: from social revolution through literary romanticism, amoral materialism, and philosophic idealism, back to an "instinctive, democratic, pragmatic" acceptance of common life. Four of the book's five sections are dominated by symbolic figures (Hugo Bamman the metaphysician, Rita Cavanagh the poet, Professor Grosbeake the metaphysician, and Daisy the ex-showgirl and universal sleeping-partner); in the other, the narrator attempts to restore his intellectual and emotional equilibrium by reflecting on the meaning of literature and its place in human life.

Such a progression is, to be sure, a familiar and reliable device for the satirist: "Gulliver's Travels" and "Candide" are classic examples, and our own time has produced Mary McCarthy's "The Company She Keeps," Eric Linklater's "Juan in America," A. G. Macdonell's "England Their England," and "Memoirs of Hecate County" itself, among many others.

The narrator moves from sphere to sphere, reporting his findings and describing his responses, generally with some show of astonishment. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilson has vitiated the satiric effect of his book by introducing, as a second major theme, the story of the narrator's development as an artist. Thus, we are told, almost at the end of the book, in a paraphrase of Proust's coda:

"And now I felt that I should be content if I could only make some sketches of Daisy, as I remembered her at different times and places—if I could only hit off, in prosé, her attitudes, her gestures, her expressions, the intonations of her voice—preserve them so they should not vanish, as Degas had done for his dancers—as Toulouse-Lautrec had done for the women of cabarets . . . I dreamed a whole series of Daisy . . . So I should perhaps save myself at last from that dreadful isolation of the artist which had appalled me in Hugo and Rita—both forever, it seemed to me now, occupying impregnable solitudes with the creation of impossible worlds—so,

(*Continued on page* 41)

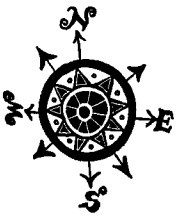
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TRAVEL TIPS

Undecided about where or how to spend your vacation? Frances Williams Browin of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, offers some book titles which provide helpful hints, and asks you to name the authors. On the basis of five points per identification, a score of sixty is steerage, seventy tourist-class, and eighty or better super de luxe. Answers on page 20.

1. Far from the Madding Crowd.
2. North of Boston.
3. Westward Ho!
4. A Passage to India.
5. Afoot in England.
6. The Green Pastures.
7. North to the Orient.
8. Around the World in Eighty Days.
9. Roughing It.
10. East of Eden.
11. We Took to the Woods.
12. An Inland Voyage.
13. The Last Resorts.
14. Beyond the Horizon.
15. The Maine Woods.
16. Up Front.
17. The Jungle.
18. Animal Farm.
19. Utopia.
20. Alone.



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ARMS AND THE MAN

On the Road Through Hell

H. A. DeWeerd.
War Department historian during World War II, now chairman of the University of Michigan's history department, reviews a startling book about the longest and one of the most disastrous retreats in American history: S. L. A. MARSHALL'S *story of a Korean campaign,* "THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET."

S. L. A. MARSHALL, professional journalist and military writer, has made several noteworthy contributions to the literature of war. As one of the Army historians during World War II, he helped to popularize the after-action group interview technique for filling gaps in combat records. Two of his books, "Island Victory" (1944) and "Men Against Fire" (1948) used this method to reconstruct military operations and to draw lessons from them. They showed that relatively few men actually fired their weapons in combat, that success in battle often depended upon the actions of two or three men, and that our troops were overloaded with equipment and clothing.

Now we have another startling book from Marshall's pen, a product of his tour as observer and combat historian in Korea. It is also based on the interview method and deals with the surprise and defeat of the U.S. 2nd and 25th Divisions south of the Chongchon River and with the retreat of the 2nd Division through a gauntlet of Chinese Communist fire in a giant ambush near Karhyon late in November 1950. Thus the title: "The River and the Gauntlet."

Though this is primarily a series of accounts of how small groups of American troops met adversity, Marshall does not conceal his opinion that the operations described in this book constitute one of the decisive defeats of modern times. They completely changed the character of the Korean War and led to the longest retreat in American history. Recalling the remarkable record for military efficiency compiled by our armed forces in World War II, the American reader will be ill-prepared to face an account which shows our superior-equipped forces being completely surprised, out-maneuvered, out-fought, and driven into a disastrous retreat by a peasant army almost completely lacking in tanks and artillery, fighting mainly with small arms and mortars and led into battle with shepherds' pipes! Since the world at large knows more about the Battle of Marathon than about the disaster on the Chongchon, Marshall's description of it will come as a painful shock to the reader. The account, however, is long overdue and we need a similar explanation of what befell the X Corps in the east at the same time.

As Marshall sees it, the key to the disaster lay in the superior information possessed by the Chinese Communist armies on November 25, 1950. The United Nations Command in Tokyo had trumpeted forth our plans in detail. War correspondents had been allowed to publish all the facts the enemy needed to know about the strength and location of the Eighth Army Forces. We did not know it, but there was a Chinese army of considerable size just north of the Chongchon waiting to fall upon our extended forces just as General MacArthur directed an advance to the Yalu. The Chinese knew everything about our side. We knew nothing about them.

Just as our scattered forces pushed off on their ill-fated offensive, a sinister happening took place unnoticed far behind the front. A convoy of Turkish troops, leaving for the front after preliminary journalistic fanfare, was ambushed on one of the roads.

A second convoy was cut to pieces at the same spot a few hours later. Despite its modern communications equipment, the Eighth Army command did not learn of these occurrences until both of its divisions had been turned back in defeat. We had all the radios and liaison planes but Chinese Communist troops were in force in the hills behind us.

IGNORANT of this development, troops of the 2nd and 25th Divisions made their attempt to advance. As they did so, they were enveloped by hordes of Chinese who seemed to rise out of the ground on their front, flanks, and rear. Fighting in separate compartments in the hills, unable to use their artillery or radios effectively, incapable of supporting neighboring units, our forces were defeated in a variety of engagements described in the first fourteen chapters of the book. When the ROK II Corps on their flank dissolved, the plight of these divisions was finally realized. Retreat became imperative.

It was just at this point that the lack of knowledge about the annihilation of the Turkish convoys became a matter of decisive importance. The 2nd Division took the same route to the rear. These circumstances produced the tragedy of the gauntlet, which

A pile-up winter scene on the escape route during the 1950 withdrawal.

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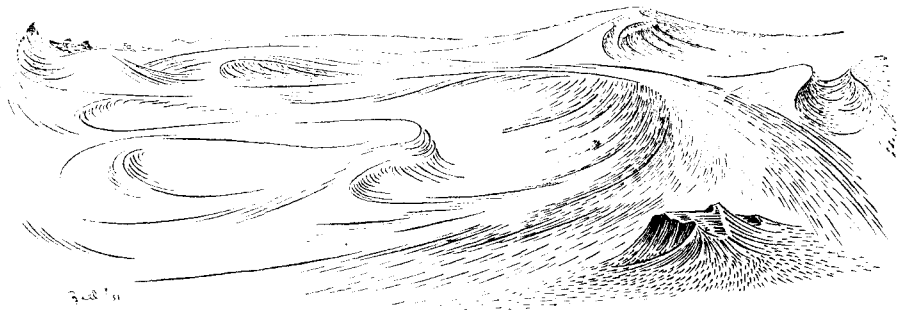
Marshall describes in the last four chapters of the book.

Though the main value of this book to a military reader will be found in the section describing the various ways in which units of our two divisions were surprised and defeated, these chapters, with their inevitable confusion and lack of unity, cannot compete in interest with the harrowing and dramatic story of the escape of the 2nd Division through the gauntlet. Here Marshall's writing reaches its peak of effectiveness.

Once the division with all its tanks and vehicles was committed to a retreat over the ambushed road toward Karhyon, its own commanders, those of the corps and army, could do nothing to help it. It could not be recalled or diverted. Presently its lead vehicles ran into a road block of abandoned Turkish equipment. Chinese fire began to fall in ever-increasing violence along a six-mile strip of road. Troops riding on tanks or trucks could not reply to Chinese fire effectively while moving, and they could not escape from the trap when they stopped to fight back. As our vehicles were struck by enemy fire, we built our own road blocks, better ones than the enemy could construct. In the bitter cold and acrid dust of the road, men lost all sense of direction and all will to fight. Hundreds of men huddled in the drainage ditches and refused to move. The plight of the senior officers was illustrated by what happened to General Keiser, the divisional commander. He was walking helplessly along the road when he accidentally kicked one of the soldiers lying in the ditch. The man, unable to recognize his dust-covered commander, cursed him savagely. All the two-star general could do was to apologize and walk on! Much more was accomplished by a young lieutenant who, having found a fifth of I. W. Harper, got his second wind. Under its inspiration he helped clear a stretch of road and knocked out a particularly troublesome Chinese machine gun.

Marshall's account of the struggle through the gauntlet may well become a military classic. No reader who gets through the first fourteen chapters will be able to put the book down without finishing it. He does not give the losses suffered by the 2nd Division on the Chongchon and in the gauntlet, but suggests that they were on a scale comparable to those endured by the Continental Army in the winter of Valley Forge. Yet so great was the recuperative powers of the division that three weeks after this ordeal, it was fully prepared to go into action on another front. [William Morrow & Co. 385 pp. $5.]



Master or Unwitting Tool?

Gerard Speyer,
reviewing "THE ROMMEL PAPERS," *takes a sharp look at the self-portraits it offers of the Desert Fox and the military writer who most influenced him. The Desert Fox is, of course, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel; his tutor is the book's editor,* B. H. LIDDELL HART.

FIELD Marshal Erwin Rommel was a first-rate military leader. As a tactician and strategist he deserves study and respect by friend and foe. At the same time, he was enormously limited. Before the tide turned—that is, before our landings in North Africa and France—he had no conception of the global balance of power on which Hitler's chances had to be weighed by any rational man and found wanting. He was forever preoccupied with 'iffy" questions: If only the Duce would seize Malta, if only Kesselring would ferry more gasoline across the Mediterranean, if only Hitler would send more Panzers and Goering more Heinkels. His narrow preoccupation with logistics lacked all global military logic. Such turning points as Pearl Harbor and Stalingrad failed to register their worldwide significance on him.

But Rommel was limited in other respects as well. His letters to his wife and son, made available along with other of his personal writings, in "The Rommel Papers," are so bare of affection as to be barren military communiqués in capsule form. Indeed, his style hardly surpasses that of any anonymous historian attached to an American division. Nevertheless, his astounding qualities always emerge: his quick and sure insight into new military situations, his sense of the expedient and inexpedient—qualities which his editor, B. H. Liddell Hart, rightly calls his *coup d'oeil* and his *sense du practicable*. But these remarkable faculties are closely restricted by the here and now. They reach no further than Suez in the east and Casablanca in the west.

What Liddell Hart fails to underline, indeed, fails to understand, is that Rommel, while a superb general, was a most provincial German engaged in a world struggle. Shortly before his tragic death, when Germany's defeat had become painfully obvious even to him, Rommel for the first time studied the world distribution of raw materials and read Colin Ross's "The Western Hemisphere." For "its excellent character study of the Americans" Rommel relied on Ross, one of Goebbels's most venomous and superficial "experts" on the United States. The Field Marshal had real and lasting contempt for what he called "all this unnecessary academic nonsense" and for such old-style General Staff officers as Franz Halder. Instead of this outmoded ballast Rommel demanded that "the soldier needs a combination of realist intellect and energy." Indeed, these Rommel had. But his intellect and his energy were neither directed nor counterbalanced by a thoroughly well-informed and well-integrated mind. He was a prototype of a specialist who sees the details of his field and front in sharp focus, while the outlines of the general world scene remain forever blurred.

But this one would never learn from the editors of this book, drawn as they are from a circle of Rommel admirers and survivors. To them, Rommel is quite simply a hero.

Indeed, Captain Liddell Hart and Field Marshal Rommel have obviously formed an everlasting mutual admiration society. A modest little footnote in "The Rommel Papers" is a dead giveaway. "Of all military writers," we are told, "it was Liddell Hart who made the deepest impression on the Field Marshal—and greatly influenced his tactical and strategical thinking. He, like Guderian, could in many

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respects be termed Liddell Hart's 'pupil'." In the opinion of the London *Times* (whose military correspondent Liddell Hart used to be) this remark alone makes the British captain "a doubtful choice for the post as editor of the Rommel papers."

When it comes to praising lavishly, the British master outdoes his German disciple. Most apodictically and in rapid succession, Liddell Hart tells us that "the impact Rommel made on the world with the sword will be deepened by his power with the pen," that the Desert Fox was "a born writer" whose literary power is "very striking" and, to top it all off, that "only Napoleon has made a comparable impression on the British."

Interestingly enough, the original German edition of "The Rommel Papers" published three years ago under the title "Krieg ohne Hass" lacked any such flamboyance. Except for some footnotes by General Bayerlein and Manfred Rommel, the earlier volume was straight Rommel. It was prefaced by an introduction from Mrs. Rommel, written with restraint and objectivity. Since then the papers have been translated by Paul Findlay and interpolated by numerous additions from his son Manfred, his chief of staff Fritz Bayerlein, and his rhapsodic master, Liddell Hart. [Harcourt, Brace & Co. 545 pp. $6.]

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 517

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 517 will be found in the next issue.

UP BUT SHOOFPE

FE H SHEKHMS,

UP BUT STDCKE FE

SHARPS.

L. AQSDNNOP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 516

Apology is only egotism wrong side out. —O. W. HOLMES.

Like It Hot Or Cold?

Gordon Harrison,
member of the editorial staff of the Detroit News, *turns a critical eye on* "STRATEGY FOR SURVIVAL," *the new book in which* JOHN E. KIEFFER *asks what we are waiting for when it comes to a war against Russia.*

WAR between the United States and the Soviet Union is inevitable, John E. Kieffer believes, and it is imperative for us to prepare now to fight for survival. The struggle, in his view, is between absolute good and absolute evil which must meet at last at Armageddon. Survival, therefore, means total victory for Democracy, total destruction for Communism.

A good part of "Strategy for Survival," the book he has written to broadcast this conviction, is devoted to moral exhortation, and that, indeed, is the tone of the whole. Coexistence with Communism is impossible. Americans should wake up and resolve now to fight, not in a "preventive war" which Mr. Kieffer rejects without consideration, but in the Cold War that has no end save in a hot one. "Since World War II," he writes, "we have been living in a fool's paradise . . . laboring under the impression that we wanted peace." A strategy designed to achieve peace can only bring about our ultimate defeat because peace is only the short pause before war and if we waste it under the illusion that it may be prolonged we will have no arms and no spirit when the time comes to battle vigorously for the Lord.

Having issued the call to arms, Mr. Kieffer proceeds to outline the coming battle, taking place simultaneously, I gather, in America, Europe, the Middle East, Southern and Central Asia. The outline, needless to say, is sketchy. It is based on some geopolitical premises which seem for the most part to have been borrowed from the German writer of Hitler days, Ewald Banse, and a rather sweeping and unanalytical application of the lessons of the last war. In constructing an imaginary battle of Europe, for instance, the author makes no mention and takes no account of logistics, whose limitations on amphibious and continental warfare were perhaps the outstanding lesson of World War II. In his counterattack phase he carries the armies of the democracies in a few sentences to the Ural Mountains without even noting that such attempts in the past have failed.

One cannot seriously quarrel with any hypothesis on the shape of possible campaigns of the future so long as it avoids the obviously impossible. In the business of prophecy we are all amateurs. But precisely because the test of truth does not enter one can demand that these speculations answer to the test of imaginative value. Do they illuminate the problem? Do they measure the task?

Here Mr. Kieffer's sweeping view, his moral fervor, and, one suspects, the shakiness of his military background betray him. Certain possibilities are projected but none are weighed as to probability. One looks in vain for a reasoned analysis of the effect on tactics and strategy of atomic weapons. A chapter on the atom, significantly one of the last, turns on the thesis that the atom bomb "is merely one member of a family of weapons in our normal arsenal . . . They [the bombs] hit harder, do more damage, and produce more casualties, that's all." The position that the atom bomb is not the ultimate weapon is, of course, well taken. Nevertheless, a difference in degree of destructiveness may well produce a difference in kind in tactics. The possibility, for instance, of destroying an industrial complex with two or three bombs instead of having to batter it over a period of months with high explosives whose damage can be partially repaired between attacks compels quite new military calculations. Atomic artillery with its power to discourage concentration could have a similarly profound influence on battlefield tactics.

Perhaps the greatest weakness of the book lies in what the author claims his strategy for survival can achieve. After a war of unparalleled scope and destructiveness, he sees American occupation forces taking over Russia and leading the people into the ways of democracy. The picture again is moral. Evil having been battered to death, good takes over, filling the spaces of the world with peace and penitence and chastened men working for the democratic dawn. But history teaches that the holocaust has its own logic. Out of de-

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struction come human misery and disorder and the cry for bread and stability at any cost. It is the seeds of slavery, not liberty, that grow in old battlefields. World War III would be just another, though probably more terrible, war. For, there is no Armageddon for man this side of the last one, and the real world to survive must continue to work, however despairingly, for peace. [David McKay Co. 355 pp. $4.]

War Book Notes

FIGHTERS WITHOUT A CAUSE: The Foreign Legion lacked the services of a French Kipling to immortalize its exploits. In spite of a long and largely honorable history, the Legion exists in the minds of many as a myth created by its detractors, the authors of "Beau Geste" and "Under Two Flags" particularly. This myth embodies a fuzzy vision of bestial noncoms flogging cringing enlisted men, while an occasional Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman type looks indignantly on. Such, writes Harold Swiggett in his lively history, **"March or Die"** (Putnam, $3.75), is far from the real story. If swinish brutality were the chief characteristic of the Legion, the sands of Asia and Africa would be studded with the graves of assassinated NCO's, instead of the roads, tunnels, bridges, towns, and other tangible evidences of the Legion's accomplishment. And the Legion's distinguished battle record, stretching back over 122 years of continuous service, is an achievement that could not have been accomplished by iron discipline alone.

The Legion's tradition, says Mr. Swiggett, is fired by a mystic esprit which makes men willing to risk their necks for causes not their own, causes which were as often as not worthless. (With a fine impartiality, all adversaries are referred to by the Legion as "dissidents.") Mr. Swiggett's book is a chronological account of the fruits of this tradition. It recounts the exploits of the Foreign Legion from its founding in 1831 by Louis Philippe to its latest engagements in Indo-China. For anyone who, around some March 15, may have toyed with the idea of departing for Sidi-bel-Abbes to enlist, "March or Die" provides a vicarious tour of duty and an interesting sidelight on history.

—Martin Levin.

THE CASE FOR AIR STRATEGY: On a July evening in the crisis-laden summer of 1942, Colonel Bonner Fellers, fresh from Cairo, sat in a White House conference and pleaded with Roosevelt and "Hap" Arnold for planes to stop Rommel at Alamein. In the present crisis he believes planes are again the answer: he recommends for America "the best Air Force in the world, supported by an adequate Army and Navy." His plea is **"Wings for Peace"** (Regnery, $3.50).

Converting America's strategy to a predominantly air strategy involves more than a reshuffle of the defense budget, and Fellers, a retired ground officer, goes the whole way, rejecting containment and NATO along with "surface strategy." A strong air force, so runs the argument, can destroy the Red Air Force and the Soviet industrial base, and ward off at home the menace of atomic attack. With no industrial base, the Soviet Army, wherever it might be, would wither "like a melon on a rootless vine."

"Wings for Peace" is dedicated to the proposition that an air strategy best suits America's limited manpower and genius for production, its pocketbook and free institutions. Envisioned as a corollary is a non-profit private organization to encourage the Russian underground and convince the Russian people of peaceful intent in the West. Fellers calls on the Eighty-Third Congress to take the lead.

—Thomas J. Mayock.

"THE STORY OF THE CLOBBERED": W. L. White's tenth book, **"Back Down the Ridge"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), is an altogether arresting account of the wounded of Korea—from the ridges on which they were hit to the stateside hospitals in which they are recuperating. It is predominantly a medical story, much of the emphasis being on the miraculous "curb-service" surgery turned in by MASH under possibly the worst conditions of the twentieth century. MASH (Mobile Army Surgical Hospital) is a product of Korea; by transplanting its facilities to within an inch or two of the front and by utilizing the latest advances in medical field service, it has helped keep alive 976 of every 1,000 men receiving hospital treatment, twenty-one more per 1,000 than in World War II. The wounded GI's, the overworked doctors, the selfless nurses—all tell their stories, framed by a discussion of plasma, chemicals, pulleys, stainless steel pegs, molds, and prostheses. All in all, a brief, vivid, informative account of the trials that face our troops after they have been, to use White's word, "clobbered."

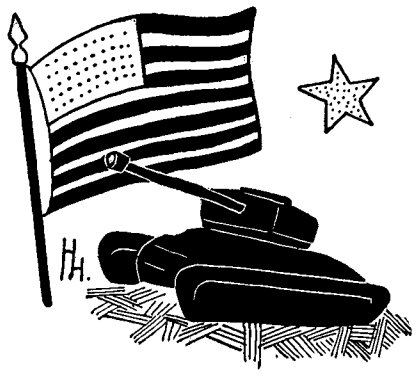
—Bernard Kalb.

THE MARINES IN KOREA: To write the story of a campaign while its issue is yet in doubt is a chancy thing. But when the theme is men's struggle against odds, their bearing in the face of death, and their loyalty to a standard, the record will hardly stale. Andrew Geer chose this theme for **"The New Breed"** (Harper, $3.50), his story of the U. S. Marines in Korea; for the telling he had the important qualifications, having been a field Marine in Korea and a successful writer.

Geer takes his Marines, ground and air, from camp in California to the Pusan perimeter, to the Chosin reservoir and the Chinese onslaught, and back down the mountain to the sea at Hamhung and the waiting fleet; always he emphasizes the small unit and the individual Marine. He tells the improvisations which were needed before even our most battle-ready force could be thrown into the scale, how men trained themselves before embarkation, weighing their desire to go against their responsibility to be fit to go. Before many days around Pusan, the fat on the Marine brigade had been sweated off. Other Marines broke in after the two-stage Inchon landing, another improvisation and one which defied all the rules for amphibious landings. When a Chinese Army Group tried to annihilate the division on the Chosin reservoir, the division just did not annihilate.

With the aid of excellent photos and maps, the book brings the campaign and its capable, profane performers to life. The Marine Corps is the protagonist and little time is given to the other services. As Geer explains, Marines are snobs.

—T. J. M.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Hardy. 2. Robert Frost. 3. Charles Kingsley. 4. E. M. Forster. 5. W. L. Hudson. 6. Marc Connelly. 7. Anne Morrow Lindbergh. 8. Jules Verne. 9. Mark Twain. 10. John Steinbeck. 11. Louise Dickinson Rich. 12. Robert Louis Stevenson. 13. Cleveland Amory. 14. Eugene O'Neill. 15. Henry David Thoreau. 16. Bill Mauldin. 17. Upton Sinclair. 18. George Orwell. 19. Thomas More. 20. Richard E. Byrd.

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The Pulitzer Prizes: Judges vs. Critics

THE Pulitzer Prizes for 1952, as announced by Columbia University, are as follows:

Poetry: "Collected Poems," by Archibald MacLeish.

History: "The Era of Good Feeling," by George Dangerfield.

Fiction: "The Old Man and the Sea," by Ernest Hemingway.

Biography: "Edmund Pendleton," by David J. Mays.

Following its custom of the past sixteen years, *SR* several weeks before the announcement asked book editors of leading newspapers in all parts of the country to name the volumes they believed deserved the award. To supplement the canvass, this year it also polled critics who are specialists in each of the four literary fields. The titles of the books they nominated are listed elsewhere on this page, followed by the names of the editors in roman type and those of the critics in italics.

Both the poetry and fiction awards this year went to books that were hands-down favorites of the editors and critics. This is the second time Archibald MacLeish has won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry and the second important award this particular volume had received. The award to "The Old Man and the Sea" is the first prize of consequence that Ernest Hemingway, one of the greatest writers of our time, if not necessarily the greatest since 1616, has ever received.

The awards in history and biography went to dark horses, although both were nominated by critics participating in our poll, the Mays book by two, the Dangerfield volume by one. All the winning volumes won high marks from *SR*'s reviewers at the time they were published.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

The specialists who nominated books for the biography and history awards are:

THOMAS D. CLARK, *professor of history at University of Kentucky.*
PAUL ENGLE, *professor of English at the State University of Iowa.*
JOHN D. HICKS, *chairman of the history department, University of California.*
DUMAS MALONE, *professor of history at Columbia University.*
ALLAN NEVINS, *professor of history at Columbia University and recipient of two Pulitzer Prizes for his biographies of Grover Cleveland and Hamilton Fish.*
ARTHUR MEIER SCHLESINGER, SR., *Francis Lee Higginson professor of history at Harvard University.*
WENDELL STEPHENSON, *chairman of the Division of Social Sciences of Tulane University.*
C. VANN WOODWARD, *professor of history at The Johns Hopkins University.*

The specialists who nominated books for the poetry award are:

HORACE GREGORY, *lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and author of several volumes of verse.*
SELDEN RODMAN, *author of several books of poetry and editor of poetry anthologies.*
W. T. SCOTT, *former book review editor of the* Providence Journal, *author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*
STEPHEN SPENDER, *poet and critic, now visiting lecturer at the University of Cincinnati.*
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, *editor and author of many volumes of verse.*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*

The specialists who nominated books in the fiction category are:

MALCOLM COWLEY, *editor of "The Portable Hemingway," "The Portable Faulkner," and other books*
MAXWELL GEISMAR, *author of "Writers in Crisis."*
WALTER HAVIGHURST, *professor of English, Miami University, Ohio.*
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *professor of English at Harvard University.*
ALFRED KAZIN, *author of "On Native Grounds."*
WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR, *professor of English at the University of Minnesota.*
RAY B. WEST, JR., *editor of* The Western Reserve *and member of the English department of the State University of Iowa.*

The twenty-three newspaper reviewers who participated in this year's Pulitzer Prize poll are:

FREDERICK BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus* (Ohio) *Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison* (Wis.) *Capital Times*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Daily News*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
SHORE NELSON, *Seattle Post Intelligencer*
STERLING NORTH, *North Book Review Service*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
W. G. ROGERS, Associated Press
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*

The Books

POETRY

For a distinguished volume of verse by an American author.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Archibald MacLeish.
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(Knopf) *Hicks, Malone.*

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(Dutton) Herzberg.

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT. Edited by David Donald
(Macmillan) Cady.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING. By George Dangerfield.
(Harcourt Brace) *Schlesinger.*

STRANGE EMPIRE: A Narrative of the Northwest. By Joseph Kinsey Howard.
(Morrow) Jackson.

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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway.
(Scribner) Barkham, Cross, Douglas, Flowers, Hass, O'Neill, Snadjr, Tinkle, *Cowley, Havighurst, O'Connor, West.*

JEFFERSON SELLECK. By Carl Jonas.
(Little, Brown) Babcock, Hass, North, Rogers.

EAST OF EDEN. By John Steinbeck.
(Viking) Bond, Herzberg, Sherman.

INVISIBLE MAN. By Ralph Eillison.
(Random) Nelson, *Kazin.*

SIRONIA, TEXAS. By Madison Cooper.
(Houghton Mifflin) Cady, Smith.

THE DEVIL RIDES OUTSIDE. By John H. Griffin.
(Smith & Smith) *Geismar.*

THE LANDSMEN. By Peter Martin.
(Little, Brown) *Jones.*

LOVE IS A WOUND. By Worth Tuttle Hedden.
(Crown) Jackson.

MATADOR. By Barnaby Conrad.
(Houghton Mifflin) Shockley.

SHILOH. By Shelby Foote.
(Dial) Bradley.

WINDS OF MORNING. By H. L. Davis.
(Morrow) Derleth.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY. By Tom Lea.
(Little, Brown) Rothermel.

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For the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Benjamin P. Thomas.
(Knopf) Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Cross, Hass, Nelson, North, O'Neill, Rothermel, Sherman, Shockley, Snadjr, Tinkle.

MID-STREAM: Lincoln the President. By J. G. Randall.
(Dodd, Mead) *Malone, Nevins* (history), *Stephenson.*

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter.
(Houghton Mifflin) Derleth, Douglas, Flowers.

WITNESS. By Whittaker Chambers.
(Random) Babcock, Barkham, Cady.

THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG. Edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas.
(Macmillan) Rogers, Smith (history).

EDMUND PENDLETON. By David J. Mays.
(Harvard) *Clark, Woodward.*

THE BUILDER: A Biography of Ezra Cornell. By Philip Dorf.
(Cornell) *Nevins.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Volume V: Victory With the Help of France. By Douglas Southall Freeman.
(Scribner) Herzberg.

THE LIFE OF JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. By John Tracy Ellis.
(Bruce) *Schlesinger.*

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS. By T. Harry Williams.
(Knopf) *Hicks.*

USHANT. By Conrad Aiken.
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce) Cowley.

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The Saturday Review

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A Visit to Los Alamos

THE best run city in the United States right now is probably Los Alamos, the fast-growing atomic metropolis sprung up on a mountain shelf in New Mexico. A visitor isn't inside the city very long before he is aware of the cleanness of the place, the excellence of the roads, the superb school and hospital facilities, the housing arrangements, and, in general, the evidence of a successfully planned city. It is a closed city, however, for it is one of the headquarters concerned with making the nuclear explosives that can expunge in a fraction of a second some of the vast aggregations of concrete, wood, and people that make up the units of twentieth-century civilization.

At Los Alamos more is known about the highly organized science of demolition than has ever been learned at any place in human history. This is where the experts pool their knowledge and do the laboratory and engineering work that go into the building of the big bombs. It is the experts' job to stay ahead in the atomic armaments race, which means that they must strive for constant progress. There is a widely held view that the security of the nation depends on the ability of our laboratories to devise atomic improvements and then embody them in far more destructive units than can be done elsewhere. The possible flaw in this theory is that only a certain number of the big bombs may be needed to achieve a desired total result, especially if they are used under circumstances which may make retaliation difficult or academic.

As a visitor, I wasn't privileged to see what was going on inside the big concrete sheds. But I did get some idea of the vast scope of the project and the meticulous organization that went into it. I was impressed with the visible evidence of a city dedicated to science that was itself operated so scientifically. The one thing I kept wondering about, however, was why there were no comparable cities devoted to the spirit of man and the cause of peace. The danger of Los Alamos was represented not so much by the things that came out of it as by the fact that there was a monstrous lack of something to balance it on the outside. Los Alamos was a symbol of the growing one-sidedness of modern man. Where were the big ideas equal to the challenge of the big bombs?

By far the most interesting sidelight of the trip to Los Alamos is a visit to the electronic brain. The business of dealing with nuclear fission involves calculations far beyond the limited ability of mere mortals—taking the time factor into account, of course. The electronic brain is not prepossessing in appearance. It couldn't have been more than seven feet high and three feet thick. Most of the innards are visible through the grillwork. You see a veritable fairyland of tubes of all sizes lit with varying degrees of brightness. Lights flash off and on and the brain utters clicking sounds not unlike an energetic pinball machine giving someone a good run for his money.

Man communicates with this superior intellect by typing his problem on a card, where punched holes take the place of words. Incidentally, the machine has a vocabulary of somewhat more than one thousand words, enough for its purposes. The cards are fed into one side of the machine with a resultant intensification of clicking sounds and blinking of lights, as though the brain is mumbling to itself while it counts on its electronic frontal lobes. Some problems are more difficult than others and the brain requires more time to figure them out. On an average problem, though, the brain is fairly prompt, ascertaining the precise question and then providing an answer within a matter of minutes. The answer comes out on the far end of the machine in the same form the question went in: a punched card that has to be translated back into a reply intelligible to a human brain.

ATOP the cabinet, in the place of honor, are the sealed boxes where the memory centers of the electronic brain are located. For all its computing skills, the brain has an astonishingly short memory. On most problems it can retain its own answers for only twenty-four hours. However, this is much better than the earlier species, in which the memory functioned for only a fraction of that time. Highly differentiated electronic tubes account for the improvement.

The big shortcoming of the brain, of course, is that it doesn't know the first darn thing about creating alternatives and then choosing between them. It registers an absolute blank on the major part of any question, namely, what to do with an answer after you find it. It can calculate the precise heat registered in the heart of a nuclear explosion, but it knows absolutely nothing about the heart of a man. It can't analyze human experience and come up with answers based on history itself, nor can it prescribe a course of action that would keep its masters free of the cosmic heats and radioactivity it measures so beautifully. In short, the brain has no advice to offer about enlarging human freedom under enforceable peace and justice.

The fact that the human brain is still superior to its electronic child in these respects should be reassuring, but it isn't. The big test of our time isn't involved with astronomical calculations. It involves choice, it involves decision, it involves access to history, it involves moral judgments.

The disturbing thought I had on leaving the atomic headquarters of Los Alamos was that we may be a little premature in lording it over the electronic brain because of its failure to understand the mechanism of decision. The uniqueness of the human mind must be demonstrated, rather than merely assumed, if the uniqueness of man himself is to be made real.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TESTAMENT OF FAITH

I HAVE JUST READ the article by the late Professor Lindeman, in *SR*'s issue of May 9. Although it was intended as an appraisal of the role of the low-cost book in America, it will remain in my mind as one man's testament of faith in the ability of people to distinguish between the book of little consequence and the book which somehow contributes to the knowledge and understanding of the world we live in. Professor Lindeman's article makes clear his deep belief that when people are free to choose between the two types, they will lean increasingly toward the more serious and "better" book.

The experience of Bantam Books, Inc., justifies Professor Lindeman's faith in people and makes it possible to amplify the factual basis for his argument. It is certainly true, as Professor Lindeman says, that Western stories, mysteries, science fiction, etc., are a significant part of the total volume of sales of paper-back reprints; but he evidently was not aware of the tremendously important role of what may be described as the "trade novel."

In the case of Bantam Books, Inc., an examination of a current list of seventy-seven of our most active titles shows that thirty-five are trade novels of various types, seven are miscellaneous non-fiction, and thirty-five are of the categories which Professor Lindeman assumed to be "the economic base of the reprint publishing business."

This seems to me to be even more encouraging in its implications than the fact that a small, although growing market for paper books has been found for William Shakespeare, John Dewey, Robert E. Sherwood, etc. I say this because the seriously intended novel, which is a traditional vehicle for the communication of ideas, is actually an important part of the economic base of the low-cost book business, while the works of John Dewey, et al., have still not made sufficient economic contribution to justify our thinking of them as essential to the success of a rounded reprint enterprise.

Bantam Books is not the only publisher that puts out a considerable number of novels outside the categories enumerated by Professor Lindeman. The lists of other houses are studded with the names of serious novelists, including Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Thomas Mann, John Dos Passos, Christopher Isherwood, and Franz Werfel.

My own conclusion, therefore, is that the situation is even brighter than Professor Lindeman saw it. For the choice offered the reader of paper books is not between Hopalong Cassidy and John Dewey, but between Luke Short, William Shakespeare, John Dickson Carr, Harold Robbins, John O'Hara, Aldous Huxley, Ray Bradbury, Harold Lamb, Mickey Spillane, and Cardinal Spellman—to mention only a few.

The fact that it takes millions of people to make such publishing possible provides one good reason for faith in the future of our American democracy.

WALTER PITKIN, JR.
Executive Vice-President & Editor
Bantam Books, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

"I'm sick of playing house—sick, sick, sick!"

TENNESSEE SPANISH

ON WHAT AUTHORITY DOES Henry Hewes corrupt the pronunciation of *Camino Real*? [*SR* March 28]. A paranoid feeling deriving from my position as a defender of the tongue leads me to belief that here is evidence at last that it was an organized campaign that led to the perversion of Velázquez into Velasquez, González into Gonzales, Rodríguez into Rodriquez, etc. Please let the ravages of time and alien tongues work their normal changes upon such names and phrases, and do not instruct the uninitiated erroneously from the very beginning. The corruption will come about only too swiftly in the hands of the press. How can we eggheads stand up to the knuckleheads if we imitate their fell practices?

GREGORY RABASSA.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Tennessee Williams is responsible for the use of the Americanized pronunciation of the title of his play. He wished to create an ambiguity between the* real *highway of life with all its corruption and the* royal *road which the romantic tries to tread.*

NOMEN NUDA

MY INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS and Barnard Kalb's excusable ignorance have involved *The Saturday Review* in a venial sin.

In his amusing account of an interview with me [*SR* April 18] Mr. Kalb mentions *Teilhardella whitakeri*. That is the first published reference to the name of a new species, which under the International Rules of Zoological Nomenclature thus begins its career as *Teilhardella whitakeri* Kalb, 1953. It is, however, questionable whether Mr. Kalb's characterization of the species as "just what you might have expected" is, in the stuffy language of the Rules, "a summary of characters (*seu* diagnosis; *seu* definition: *seu* condensed description)." The name has therefore been published but not defined, which makes it what the Rules (somewhat less stuffily) call a "*nomen nudum*."

It is a dreadful thing to perpetrate a *nomen nudum*. That is our sin. There is nevertheless one bright spot: *nomina nuda* are invalid under the Rules and may be validated by any subsequent author who provides a proper definition.

In due course I shall recapture *Teilhardella whitakeri* Kalb and formally convert it to *Teilhardella whitakeri* Simpson.

It may be of passing interest to your readers that the name *Teilhardella* honors the eminent French paleontologist and anthropologist Father Teilhard de Chardin and that *whitakeri* honors George O. Whitaker, one of my associates in field and laboratory, who found the specimen.

GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON.
New York, N. Y.

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Apple Pie Among the Rajputs

Ray Pierre

(who despite that first name is very much a woman) casts an analytical eye at ten recently published volumes of personal experience with which women writers are entertaining their sisters.

YOU are a woman with a little time on your hands and a nagging yen to become a writer? But you fear your imagination is not quite lively enough to concoct one of the plots that seem to be a *sine qua non* of the novel? Do not despair —you can write your autobiography. But, you object, your life is not the sort out of which autobiographies are made. You've never rubbed shoulders with a celebrity or done a single thing that changed the course of history. Don't let that faze you. Many of the most successful autobiographies being published today, commercially speaking, are the work of women who have never even nodded to Tallulah, received an invitation from a Vanderbilt, or stepped aside for a Cabinet member to pass. They are books by and about women who have never done anything more earth-shaking than raise eggs, petunias, or goats, or comb a beach. If your experiences have been sufficiently off-beat, you do not need a journeyman writer's talent; you can tell them to a ghost, who will put it down on paper for you.

The current vogue for the feminine personal experience book probably began back in 1945 with chicken-fancier Betty MacDonald's "The Egg and I." An entertaining, if unimportant book, it ran up unprecedented sales of a million and a half copies in the postwar period when readers eagerly sought escape, distraction, and good clean fun. In somewhat similar vein Rosemary Taylor's "Chicken Every Sunday" and Kathryn Forbes's "Mama's Bank Account" hit the jackpot with high bookstore and book club sales, as well as movie and stage adaptations. And Mama is still adding television proceeds to her account book.

Even when distaff divulgers are not tapped by the major book clubs, they are ardently wooed by the minor ones such as the People's Book Club (a Sears, Roebuck subsidiary) and the Family Reading Club (operated by Doubleday), which have memberships of about 100,000 each, and have issued a high percentage of women's personals, ranging from "Postmarked Moscow" and "FDR, My Boss" to "Time for Tapioca" and "Out on a Limb." Publishers say that, at worst, the woman's personal sells 5,000 to 6,000 copies, outselling the run-of-the-mill novel by approximately 2,000 copies. At best, it soars on best-seller lists, with profitable side markets assured. Magazine and newspaper serialization and condensation and paperback reprints offer extremely high rewards. Small wonder, then, that women are forsaking stove, crib, and job to mine this seductive klondike.

In literary quality personals run the gamut, from thin collections of anecdotes haphazardly flung together to well-conceived, carefully constructed books. The ingredients that seem to insure success, in addition to a sympathetic theme, are a story-telling gift, humor, a dramatic sense, and a sharply observant eye for character and background.

Lined up on the desk at which I write are ten women's personals, all of them published during the past several months. They offer a representative sampling of the current crop and suggest what are occupying women's minds when they're not speculating on what would be nice for lunch or debating whether it might not be better to switch to the other TV channel.

One of the most frequently recurring themes of the personals, the back-to-the-soil story, is represented by two, or 20 per cent, of my ten books. Elizabeth Nicholds, who abandoned an advertising job for a Catskill Mountain farm, writes a wryly humorous account of her adventure in capriculture in "Thunder Hill." She finds that goats have distinctive, likable personalities, but they prove to be a highly unprofitable venture. A succession of skittish livestock, eccentric handymen, and individualistic neighbors enliven the proceedings. Miss Nicholds's warm appreciation of nature and candid style should delight city-bred readers, as well as fellow farmers. "Come to the Country," by Marie Wallace, also evokes the pleasures and pitfalls of rustic living. A feminine Blandings, she built her dream house on a Northern Ohio hilltop, with the usual misadventures and ultimate rewards. A reluctant, city-bred husband, and bird, dog, garden, and folklore receive fond attention. Unhappily, Mrs. Wallace's paean to nature is marred by a burbling prose.

MARTHA MARTIN swings us up to the wild, mountainous coast of Alaska in another type of get-away-from-it-all book. Her "O Rugged Land of Gold" recounts the harrowing experience of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. Isolated by a stormy landslide, which has separated her from her gold-pros-

Ten Personals

These are the books Ray Pierre reviews in her article:

THUNDER HILL. By Elizabeth Nicholds. New York: Doubleday & Co. 248 pp. $3.

COME TO THE COUNTRY. By Marie Wallace. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 153 pp. $3.75.

O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD. By Martha Martin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 222 pp. $3.

SNIPS AND SNAILS. By Louise Baker. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 202 pp. $3.

FEW ARE CHOSEN. By Norma Downey Ferraro. New York: Harper & Bros. 307 pp. $3.50.

I LIVE IN A SUITCASE. By Margaret MacKay. New York: The John Day Co. 248 pp. $3.

PERSIA IS MY HEART. By Najmeh Najafi, as told to Helen Hinckley. New York: Harper & Bros. 245 pp. $3.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD. By Patricia Petzoldt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 248 pp. $3.50.

DIGGING BEYOND THE TIGRIS. By Linda Braidwood. New York: Henry Schuman. 297 pp. $4.50.

MIRACLE IN THE HILLS. By Mary T. Martin Sloop with Legette Blythe. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 232 pp. $3.50.

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pector husband, Mrs. Martin displays uncommon fortitude in tending her serious injuries, bearing a child alone and unaided, and weathering a desolate winter. She is sustained through this shattering ordeal by friendly wildlife, religious faith, and the diary that formed the basis for her book. It is a remarkable record of human endurance and courage. But one captiously wishes that it were told in a less maudlin style.

Another category is the professional memoir, which includes Louise Baker's "Snips and Snails." An old deft hand at the comic personal story ("Out on a Limb" and "Party Line"), she casts a fond backward glance at her teaching experience in a boy's ranch school in Arizona. Sole woman on the faculty, she doubles as substitute mother to poor little rich boys, referee to angelic fiends, and house mother to assorted pets. A kindly young master provides love interest with a tragic ending. Humorous sketches of a tweedy Anglophile headmaster, eccentric teachers, and neurotic parents round out an engaging story.

"Few Are Chosen," by Norma Downey Ferraro, is a vocational story in the spiritual rather than mundane sense. At the age of fifteen the author left a Newfoundland orphanage to become a postulant in an American convent. Four years later, after serving as a novitiate and a professed nun, she painfully discovered that she lacked the self-dedication of the "chosen few," and emerged from the protective cloister into the fearsome world. Her book faithfully records the severe ritual and daily routine of convent life, as well as the spiritual anguish of those nuns whose normal feminine instincts rebel against their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. This is a sensitive, thoughtful, and often very poignant story.

Margaret Mackay is a professional tourist, or touring professional, who has collected random vignettes of her globe-trotting in "I Live in a Suitcase." An American novelist, widow of a Scotsman killed in the Burma campaign, she lived in China during the Japanese aggression, was trapped in Honolulu throughout the late war, and has since ranged over several continents. Hers is not the orthodox travel book, since descriptions of rare or well-trodden tourist lanes are incidental to character sketches and dramatic anecdotes, to which Mrs. Mackay brings a novelist's skill.

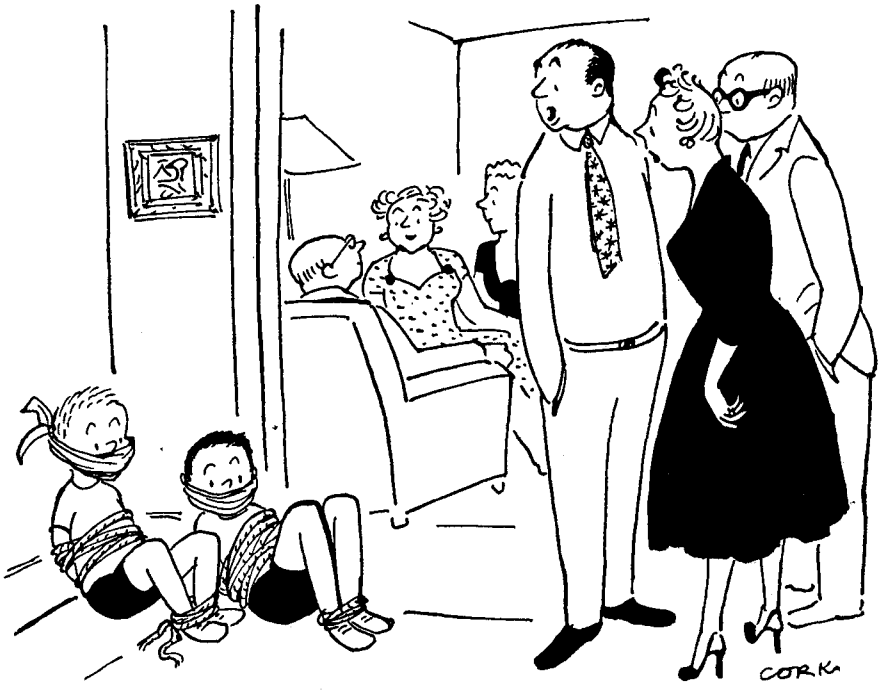
YOUTHFUL exuberance, a questing mind, and roving eye place Najmeh Najafi's "Persia Is My Heart" in the front rank of distaff memoirs. Written with the aid of Helen Hinckley, a faculty wife at the California university where Miss Najafi was enrolled as a student, this exotic book describes the ancient customs and modern economic struggles of a country very much in the news today. Though born to the purple, the daughter of a diplomat and adviser to the late Shah, the author is acutely conscious of the wide gulf between her advantaged life in Teheran and the wretched existence of village fellahs. Rather than accept the passive, secondary role of recently unveiled Iranian women, she longs to improve the lot of her people. In addition to its youthful buoyancy and idealism, the charm of her book lies in its vivid portrait of Persian folkways.

Another group of personals might be classified as young wives' tales. These are the reminiscences of women who have shared unusual vocations, adventures, or voyages with their husbands. Bold men of action, they have left to their helpmeets the sedentary task of recording their exploits.

To readers of "Annapurna" Patricia Petzoldt's "On Top of the World" may seem anticlimactic. But to this earthbound reader, whose only glimpse of a mountaintop has been from a safe porch rocker, Mrs. Petzoldt's book reaches its own peaks of excitement. A mountaineer by the age of eleven, Paul Petzoldt hits his adult stride in Wyoming's Grand Tetons, performs the startling feat of climbing the Matterhorn twice in one day, and comes to within 150 feet of the top of Mount Godwin-Austen (750 feet lower than Mt. Everest) with the first American-Himalayan expedition. Mrs. Petzoldt learns to negotiate dangerous mountains, helps to operate a mountain-climbing school in Jackson Hole, and shares a nightmarish adventure with Paul in a Punjab religious colony. Greater love hath no woman.

On a different level of adventure is Linda Braidwood's "Digging Beyond the Tigris." The wife of Robert J. Braidwood, an authority on Near Eastern archeology, and an archeologist in her own right, she accompanied him on a "dig" in the Kurdish Hills of Iraq. Financed by the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, the Braidwoods' expedition sought to discover evidence of the changeover from primitive cave-dwelling to settled villages, which paved the way for Western civilization. Both as a scientific study and as a detailed account of day-to-day life on a dig, where American specialists and native tribesmen worked side by side, this is an outstanding book. Highly recommended to armchair scholars or adventurers.

IN A CLASS all its own is "Miracle in the Hills" by Dr. Mary T. Martin Sloop, with Legette Blythe. To label it an "inspirational book" would be unjust, since the term has been debased into a mawkish cliché. Yet, it is an inspiring human document in the best sense of the term. Eighty-year-old Dr. Sloop tells the remarkable story of a lifetime's service in the backward hills of North Carolina. With her physician husband she settled in the tiny village of Crossnore,



"Thanks to comic books they *expect* to be treated that way."

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when medical visits meant exhausting daylong trips on horseback, and operations were performed by lamplight in crude shacks or under an "antiseptic" apple tree. Not only did the two Dr. Sloops improve the health but the living conditions, education, and morale of the mountain people. Mr. Blythe, a newspaperman, deserves kudos for taking down Dr. Sloop's story in her own witty vernacular.

Looking back at them all, I can say that these women's books summon remembrance and reflection of things past with candor, humor, and sensibility. And so, a deep salaam to the ladies for providing a rich olio of literary fare.

"One Man's Superiority Is . . ."

Olive Remington Goldman,
U.S. representative on the UN Commission on the Status of Women from 1950 to 1953, likes ASHLEY MONTAGU'S *thesis in* "THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN," *but sees it as a challenge rather than a reason for being smug.*

JUSTIFYING her excursion afield and encounter with the serpent, Eve plaintively asked of Adam:

"Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a *lifeless Rib.*"

Milton's Eve still haunts authors who would point the way to Paradise. Professor Ashley Montagu, who is not yet fifty, tells us in the preface to "The Natural Superiority of Women," that he has been thinking about such a book for thirty years. Even for one who was a Welsh guardsman at fourteen, this indicates unusual precocity and persistence. Both qualities account for his early rise to eminence in academic and United Nations ranks.

"The natural superiority of women is a biological fact, and a socially overlooked piece of knowledge," he tells us in his final chapter. It is this approach by an anthropologist (he is head of Rutgers department of anthropology) interpreting both biological and historical data, which gives the book its peculiar significance. He pursues the superiority theme all the way from the study of chromosomes to a survey of Congress, showing that females maintain a plurality in the former as startling as their minority role in the latter.

Although some women will be appalled at the proof of their potentialities and the proposition that to earn their salt they should love their neighbors and teach man to do the same, the author may please both feminist and anti-feminist alike, and Mr. John Mason Brown will have to look to his laurels as the favorite lecturer of the women's clubs.

The jacket reads in part, "Is it true —A man is only an incomplete female? Women's brains are proportionately larger than men's? Men are seven times as likely to go insane? A man's life is warped from the day he realizes he can't have a baby?" Yet these random quotations give small indication of the philosophy of Professor Montagu's slim and eminently readable little book. His sympathetic study of the "Intelligence of the Sexes," of "Women and Creativity," "Mutual Aid," and the "Subjection of Women" delves deep into basic problems. Some of it has been said before, though seldom with more earnest good will. "If the world is to be remade, human nature will have to be remade, a task in which women must always play the leading role." (pp. 180). But, within the same chapter on "Changing Conditions" he advocates abandonment of the "anachronism" of women colleges (but makes no similar suggestion for men's colleges) and proposes a "Four Hour Working Day for the Married"! He believes that genuinely civilized living depends upon the availability of such short working hours for everyone.

I found myself wishing that Professor Montagu had been in Geneva last spring to counsel the Commission of the Status of Women then considering means to promote further opportunity for part-time work for women, which he heartily approves, and another resolution seeking ways to secure "Integrity of Person" to women everywhere, as a means to eradicate the horrible practice of infibulation which is discussed at some length.

—*Editta Sherman.*

Ashley Montagu—"suggests new rules."

Quite possibly the furor caused by Professor Montagu's article of the same title last year in *The Saturday Review,* and the fanfare attendant upon the appearance in this country of Simone de Beauvoir's "The Second Sex" served to hasten publication of his book. A more leisurely treatment of this rich and varied material might have avoided some errors such as that on page 125, where he misquotes Genesis and has the Lord God saying to Adam, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman," etc. Lines which were addressed not to man but to the serpent! And in the first chapter where he writes, "Consider how appalling it is that at this late date there are only twenty-seven countries in the whole world in which women have the right to vote!" Now, even in 1945, when the UN Charter was signed, thirty-six countries accorded full political rights to women and by November 1952, the number had grown to fifty-eight. Besides which nine countries grant limited rights. Only fourteen in the whole world, since Switzerland relented at a recent referendum, deny women *any* political rights, and several of these voted *for* the Convention of Political Rights for Women in the UN General Assembly.

Professor Montagu quotes approvingly several passages from the books of President George Stoddard of the University of Illinois. Unfortunately he missed "On the Education of Women" (1950), which parallels some of his main points. "All our homes are Nagasaki a few hours before the catastrophe," says Stoddard, who finds it a hopeful sign that "women want to be useful in this over-all task—frequently by assuming posts of high responsibility."

Milton closes his ninth book with the line, "And of their vain contest appeared no end." Professor Montagu's stimulating yet tendentious volume dares not only to define an end, but suggests new rules for the contest between man and woman, good and evil. Perilled as we are today by our search for Peace, no time nor nation has so needed the support of genuine superiority. Let us take and use it, as he suggests, where we can find it—in both male and female. Humanity stands to gain if we do. [The Macmillan Co. 205 pp. $3.50.]

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The Nays

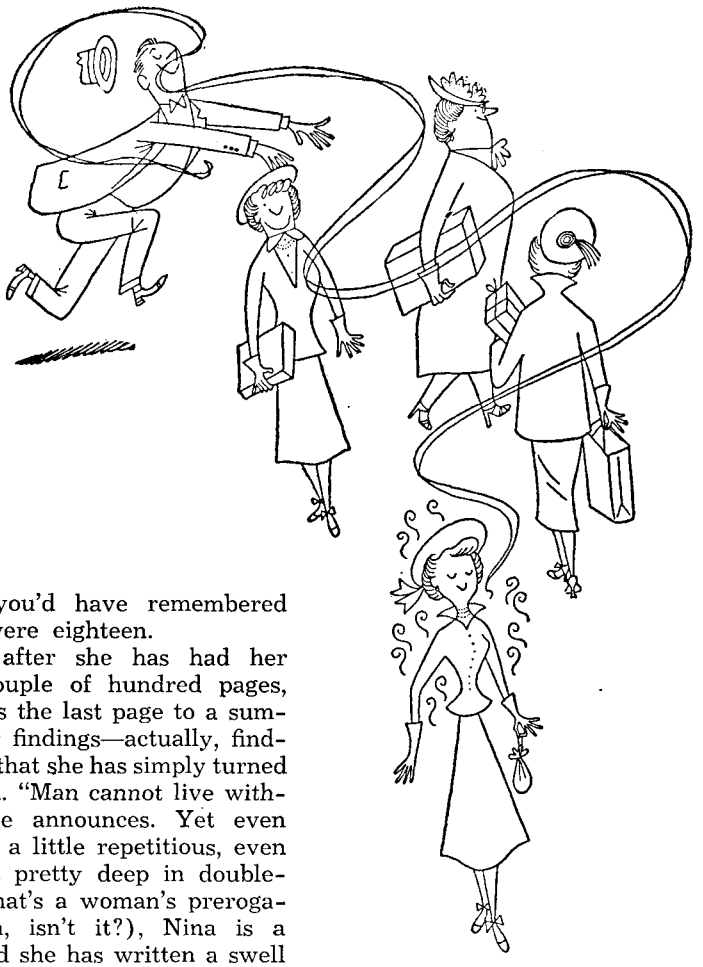
Bernard Kalb,
a bachelor from way back, hasn't the slightest fear he'll be put out of business, by the latest volley in the War Between Men and Women, NINA FAREWELL'S "THE UNFAIR SEX."

A NINA FAREWELL who, according to dust jacket autobiography, is at her best on a chaise longue, has written an amusing, witty, and, I'm happy to report, worthless attack on men in "The Unfair Sex," or, "An Exposé of the Human Male for Young Women of Most Ages." Nina, it seems, is furious, up in arms that women are so easily knocked off their feet by men (Nina herself was offed at eighteen), and, to arm the girls for what she is fond of calling "every conceivable situation," she has spelled out a variety of counterattacks to keep the-boys-who-won't-marry at arm's-length.

Well, as an old hand in the field, I broke a date the other night with a young thing (heck, it might have been Nina Farewell herself, Nina Farewell being a pseudonym) just to stay in my apartment, or, to use Nina's phrase, my "spider's web," to see what Nina had to say. Nina had plenty to say.

A man to Nina is "base," "dangerous," "repulsive," "the enemy," "an adversary," "ruthless," "notoriously undiscriminating," "a clever beast," "an unruly beast," "a predatory beast," "a sharp little tradesman," "an accessory," "unfair," "a hunter," "a beggar," "a pathetic little beggar," "a dog," and "a wretch," all of which struck me, I must say, as quite lovey-dovey. Further, our lines ("What Are You Saving It For?"), our techniques ("Dearest-Enemies"), all the pillars of bachelordom are given the once-over by Nina, and you've got to hand it to the old girl—she is up on her fauna, all right. Nina is of the opinion that the first two words on any man's tongue are: "Why not?" What is more, old Nina, in one of the greatest double-crosses in history, implores the girls: *"Never say Yes* unless you know exactly what the question is." She does her best to equip them with a working vocabulary of such words and phrases as: "No," "Stop it—I'm serious," "I'll scream," "If you don't stop I'll go home," "Oh! Now I'm angry," and "Please." To any man, even to a ninety-seven-pound weakling, that's a lot of wonderful gobbledygook. Nothing, Nina, nothing at all is as sweet as a cooed "No," and I'd've thought that that certainly was the one thing you'd have remembered since you were eighteen.

Anyway, after she has had her say of a couple of hundred pages, Nina devotes the last page to a summary of her findings—actually, findings of *ours* that she has simply turned upside down. "Man cannot live without us," she announces. Yet even when she is a little repetitious, even when she is pretty deep in double-entendre (that's a woman's prerogative, though, isn't it?), Nina is a pleasure, and she has written a swell manual for any female interested in "that scrap of paper." It's only because I'm positive that "The Unfair Sex" is thoroughly worthless that I suggest all unmarried women under thirty—no, sixty—buy this book. The fact is, the book plays right into our hands. Though it sounds like "No," it's all "Yes." (This book is so good that I wouldn't be surprised if it were the handiwork of a man.) In any case, the boys are not worried. Overnight, the dangerous, repulsive, ruthless, clever, undiscriminating, pathetic dogs have dreamed up some new, sure-fire lines and techniques, based on whatever it is that girls find irresistible in men. And what is that? Well, —. Excuse me. Methinks I hear an adorable tap on the door. [Simon & Schuster. 213 pp. $2.95.]



—*By Roy Doty for "The Unfair Sex."*

Notes

THE PROBLEM OF BEING A WOMAN: Ever since women won the "emancipation" for which they had fought tooth and nail so many troubles have stalked the victory that it is now impossible to open any popular magazine that does not feature something about the dilemmas of the "New Woman." The inescapable big problem is the tug-of-war between career and home. Is it possible for a woman to have both and be happy? Is it possible to throw oneself devotedly into housework and child-raising without being squeezed into a narrow intellectual corner? Is it better to live with a hot-water bottle rather than a delinquent husband? All this and a few other themes make up the article-anthology **"Women Today: Their Conflicts, Their Frustrations, and Their Fulfillments"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $4), edited by Elizabeth Bragdon and pointedly cartooned by Lucille Corcos. Although its chief appeal is to women, it would do no harm for males to give it a considered sampling.

Each reader will find some article that strikes sparks because it deals with a problem closest to home. As wife, mother, and writer Worth Tuttle Hedden contributes perhaps the most striking article of the anthology as she details her three-decker background, pointing out that career and home cannot mix unless a job can be free-lanced at home. Anthropologist Margaret Mead calls for erasing the sharp dividing line between man's and woman's work in the home; both must share effectively. Divorce pro and con is dramatically battled to a draw by Evelyn Eaton and that noted Author Anon. Single, middle-aged, and widowed women also come in for well-merited scrutiny. Editorial gal-

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lantry has led to inclusion of the male point of view on the subject. Even making allowance for female bias, it seems to me that psychologist Abraham Myerson, novelist Merle Miller, and several other males do not match the performance of the ladies. Most women will pounce on this volume with relish. After all, it is ego-flattering to have oneself dissected, analyzed, and advised by sympathetic experts. —DOROTHY MANDEL.

ANNA AND THE HAREM: The story of the frail but stout-hearted English governess and teacher Anna Leonowens and the serpentine King Mongkut of Siam continues its leisurely tour around the world. Margaret Landon's fictional biography, "Anna and the King of Siam," first published in 1944, has now gone through innumerable printings and translations; the movie of the same name is still about; and the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical version, "The King and I," is nearing its second year on Broadway. But the two books by Mrs. Leonowens herself, which are, after all, responsible for all this fuss about the Siamese royal court of the 1860's, have been out of print for fifty or sixty years. The first, "The English Governess at the Siamese Court" (1870), detailed the ups and downs of the author's relationship with the king, and the second, "The Romance of the Harem" (1873), which has just been reprinted under the title of **"Siamese Harem Life"** (Dutton, $3.75), fills in the chinks in the earlier book with a discreet collection of tales and legends about the royal harem, and various odds and ends of Siamese culture.

The most remarkable things about this book are its style and flavor, which compare beautifully with the best in the "Arabian Nights." Here are fantastic oriental cities, their pleasure domes bathed by an alabaster moon, and their streets drenched with the mingled perfumes of orange flowers and spice groves; a country where, as Mrs. Leonowens puts it, the "winds rang" when a storm came up and the "sky [looked] like some blue door into Heaven" when it was clear; and where in bygone times the "frenzied legions" of a rebel duke "could be seen covering the entire face of the country, rushing on with shouts and cries and furious bounding of elephants and horses, with flourish of trumpets and banners —a terrible undisciplined myriad-faced monster." That a pious and diminutive widowed English schoolmarm could have cut loose with such slam-bang romantic prose—to say nothing of her taming of a pagan king —makes this book worth looking into.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 998)

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No person, no home, no community, can be beyond the reach of this call. We are summoned; for this truth must be clear before us: Whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the heart of America.

—By the author for "I Married a Korean."
A sort of Korean see-saw.

RICH BUT ORDINARY WOMAN: Miss Douglas of New York was an ordinary woman who hunted literary lions—Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, some lesser others. As Angus Davidson admits, in his biography of her, **"Miss Douglas of New York"** (Viking Press, $3.75), Harriet Douglas was not quite the "American Corinne" she was presumed to be. She was neither infamous nor intellectually distinguished. She had money, too many suitors, numerous neuroses, a naive urge for cultural distinction. She was an interesting example of the slenderly gifted woman who bowed so low before European distinction she could not live an American life.

Miss Douglas, as Mr. Davidson develops her in elaborate detail, was a rich nineteenth-century American who exploited with honest pretentiousness her ability to make the great endure her. Wealthy, unable to make up her mind about anything, she excited and rejected and accepted and rejected many suitors, made come on and go away many of those who thought either her person or wealth attractive —she never knew which.

Deprecated by the supercilious few, nevertheless she attracted many of the important figures of her time. Wordsworth wrote her good advice she would not accept; Sir Walter Scott overcame an initial dislike and grew to almost like her; so did Maria Edgeworth and a good many others only scholars are likely to remember.

Paradoxically, though Miss Douglas died before our century turned, she still seems more a modern than a Victorian woman. Her love to be loved by an intellectual who could not love her is a modern dilemma. Although her underprivileged position as a woman kept her constantly in doubt about what her wants specifically were, still she wanted honorably and legitimately more than was granted her sex in her time. Her marriage, at the age of forty-three, was a mess, and she made as little of her life as prosperous women often do.

There is good, amusing, and interesting material in Mr. Davidson's biography. What he relates of the curious about the past that has conditioned our present can read with mitigated pleasure. He patiently and conscientiously tells what very probably was true. But his book illuminates only as a document does, not as a work of art that economically and suggestively penetrates what people are and could be.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

KOREAN HOME LIFE: When Agnes Davis went to Seoul in 1934 to marry her fiancé, David Kim, she found the match unpopular with both Koreans and the American missionaries. David, a divinity student whom she had met at Drew University, was denied ordination and suitable professional work. Despite deliberate official delay, the couple were married and entered upon life together in the primitive farm dwelling that David had built. In the drawings Agnes Davis Kim has made for **"I Married a Korean"** (John Day, $3.75), she illustrates the ingenious improvements that she installed in the home and the comfortable little house that they were soon able to afford. Thanks to American resourcefulness, inherited, no doubt, from Missouri pioneer forebears, the courageous wife not only raised the Kim standard of living, but set up schools, cooperatives, and clinics that benefited thousands of the Kims' mountain neighbors.

Mrs. Kim's story is both a source book on life in Korea and an inspiring plea for racial and religious tolerance. One wishes that the American army of occupation came off half as impressively in this documentary as David Kim's saintly mother.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

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Just Published

Many of the new books described below, which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers. New works of fiction are described elsewhere in this issue.

ANCIENT EGYPT. By J. E. Manchip White. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.75. A quick tour around the ancient Nile country, with many maps and illustrations in color.

ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE FIELD. By O. G. S. Crawford. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $8.50. A recounting of the methods now used, such as aerial photography, for archaeological exploration by an eminent practitioner of that science. Illustrations and plates.

THE ART OF MAKING CHOICES. By Ian McGreal. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press. $3.75. Professor McGreal attempts here a recovery of the old moral values that have been obscured by academic philosophy, and which, together with experience, can be put to everyday use to make living less difficult.

THE BEST SHORT PLAYS OF 1952-1953. Edited by Margaret Mayorga. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. The sixteenth annual collection of the "best" short plays written in this country during 1952.

BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES: The Peregrinations of an Epicure. By Joseph Wechsberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. A gastronomic and generally cultural tour around the best of old and new Europe's eating places, written by a *New Yorker* reporter who can, at his best, make a sauce *Bernaise* melt in his reader's mouth.

BRIGHT WITH SILVER. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $4. A revised edition of a book first published in 1947, which tells the story of the Fromm brothers' farm in Wisconsin, where first silver fox, and now mink, are being raised to supply the world's fur markets.

BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES: Problems in Cooperation. A joint report prepared by Henry L. Roberts and Paul A. Wilson. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Put together by the Council on Foreign Relations and the Royal Institute of International Affairs, this is a study of the relations, good and bad, between this country and Britain since World War II.

THE COMPLETE MADISON. By Saul K. Padover. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. An anthology, with a long introduction viewing James Madison's life and thought, of his various writings on the Constitution, politics, (Federalist Papers), religion, social welfare, public opinion and the press, and government, together with an appendix of his axioms.

CONRAD: A Reassessment. By Douglas Hewitt. Philadelphia: Dufour & Saifer. $2.50. A critical examination of the novels and short stories of the great Polish novelist.

FABULOUS SPAIN. By James Reynolds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50. A cultural tour of Spain based on a summer's travels through that country.

FEW ARE CHOSEN. By Norma Downey Ferraro. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Orphaned at the age of twelve, the author joined a convent in California three years later. She tells of her four years' life there, and of how she did not take the final vows, because she felt, ultimately, that human love was her greatest need.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Daniel J. Boorstin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.25. By tracing America's political tradition down to the present, the author shows in this study that democracy, as we practise it, can never be successfully exported, and that even to be maintained here, it must be continually buttressed by reexamination of our history and ideas from generation to generation.

GEORGE BASS: 1770-1803. By Keith Macrae Bowden. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.75. The first biography of one of the earliest explorers and charters of the then newly discovered continent of Australia.

THE HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL COSTUME. By C. Willet and Phillis Cunnington. Philadelphia: Dufour & Saifer. $6. A book about what people, high and low, wore in medieval England, with many illustrations. Aimed at fashion designers, Hollywood's designers, and historical novelists, too.

HAROLD LASKI. By Kingsley Martin. New York: The Viking Press. $4. A biography of the late, brilliant British liberal written by the editor of the *New Statesman and Nation.*

THE HIDDEN COASTS. By Daniel Henderson. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $6. Charles Wilkes is not as well known to the American public as he should be, and his life as one of the first oceanographers and scientific explorers is here given a full treatment.

IT TAKES MORE THAN TALENT. By Merwyn LeRoy and Alyce Canfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. A kind of seeing-eye book for those who would go to Hollywood for a pot of gold or two. It is written by one of our best directors and details much information about how to get started across that great swamp, whether it be in production or creation, and, once embarked, how to keep going.

IT ALL STARTED WITH COLUMBUS. By Richard Armour. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2.75. An American "1066 and All That" which leans heavily on punning for its humor ("Nobel Savages"), and which ends just around the corner from today. Illustrated in the same high fashion.

THE INSIDE STORY. By Fritz Redlich and June Bingham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. A light approach to the dark forests of psychiatry, in which the senior author, an M.D., uses the novel technique of interlarding his text with a hundred cartoons (Addams, Richter, etc.) about the analyst's couch in hopes they will illustrate and deepen his explanations.

AN INTRODUCTION TO WELSH POETRY: From the Beginnings to the Sixteenth Century. By Gwyn Williams. Philadelphia: Dufour & Saifer. $5. A critical and historical coverage of Welsh poetry from its origins to Elizabethan times.

KING GEORGE V. By Harold Nicolson. New York: Doubleday & Co. $7.50. The official biography of the late British king, a staunch Victorian by upbringing, who reigned through a world war, the first victories of the English Labour Party, and the antediluvian days of Winston Churchill.

MALENKOV: Stalin's Successor. By Martin Ebon. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3. Not a potboiler, but a study of Russia's new leader that has been in the works for some time, and which tells the story of Fat Georgi's life so far, his training, the importance of Beria, and speculates on what may or may not happen over there in the light of Malenkov's strengths and weaknesses.

AN OUTLINE OF FRENCH HISTORY. By Rene Sedillot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A short, complete history of France for students and laymen, by a French journalist and lecturer.

THE PILGRIM READER. Edited by George F. Willison. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A selection from the writings of the Pilgrim fathers that goes back to the uneasy days in Holland and England and ends with the death of old William Bradford in 1692.

THE POLITICAL SYSTEM. By David Easton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A discussion of the problems that confront today's political scientists, and ideas on how those difficulties might be overcome toward the perfecting of a more cohesive and workable scientific political philosophy.

THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET. By S. L. A. Marshall. New York: William Morrow & Co. $5. This is a personalized account of the early and bad days in Korea—the battle of the Chongchon River in particular—told by a general who was there. He explains the causes of our defeat, oriental strategies, and one specific and disastrous day in the battle. Illustrated with 34 maps and drawings of weapons involved.

THE ROMANTIC POETS. By Graham Hough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40. A short study, which is the newest volume in the Hutchinson Library Series, of the English Romantic poets: Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc.

SCHOLAR'S WORKSHOP. By Kenneth J. Brough. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. $4.50. A summing-up of the history and importance today of the college library, with special attention given to those of Chicago, Columbia, Yale, and Harvard.

SCIENCE AND AESTHETIC JUDGMENT: A Study in Taine's Critical Method. By Sholom J. Kahn. New York: Columbia University Press. $4. A new examination of the critical methods of the great nineteenth-century French critic, Hippolyte Taine, who first advocated the use of biographical, sociological, and historical material in literary criticism with his three laws: *le race, le milieu, le moment.*

STUDY IN POWER. By Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two vols. $10. A major historian has written a major study of the life of John D. Rockefeller, paying special attention to the effects which Rockefeller's various businesses have had, and continue to have, on the nation's and the world's economy and culture.

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE AND REASON. By Frederick L. Nussbaum. New York: Harper & Bros. $5. A professor of history at the University of Wyoming provides a detailed survey and interpretation of French history from 1660 to 1685.

T V A DEMOCRACY ON THE MARCH. By David E. Lilienthal. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. An enlarged and revised edition of the book first published in 1944 about the Tennessee Valley Authority and written by its former director. —W.B.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Sweetest Music the Other Side of Fourteenth Street

CIRCLE-IN-THE-SQUARE has built a reputation on its ability to revive Broadway's distinguished failures in such a way that they become more effective than the original. First it was John Steinbeck's "Burning Bright"; then Tennesseé Williams's "Summer and Smoke"; and now it is Truman Capote's "The Grass Harp." This gossamer-winged play has gained intimacy from being produced in the round, gained unity from deletion of the inessential Baby Love sequence (which Broadway director Bobby Lewis had wanted to cut in the original), and gained empathy from José Quintero's earnest concentration on character relationships as opposed to plot and on simple acting as opposed to complicated and subtle effect.

Clarice Blackburn, as the reticent indecisive Dolly Talbo, sacrifices much of the comedy in her role to become an extremely touching representative of all weak sisters who throw away their lives to help supposedly stronger ones. Her shy recounting of how the gypsies came and taught her the formula for a dropsy remedy is one of those cosmic moments in the theatre at which the pulse of the entire audience seems to be beating in unison with the actress. Ruth Attaway, as the proud Negro servant who cherishes the illusion that she is an Indian, is also less comic than her lines, and more symbolic of all servants who fasten their lives to the family they serve. As such, she gets across the intense protectiveness and jealous guardianship of her functions and privileges so often found in such relationships.

The remainder of the roles have been similarly approached by Mr. Quintero. Collin Talbo becomes the typical adolescent. He is played a trifle joylessly by Ray Stricklyn but —to his credit—this young actor does the little he does with simple sincerity. Verena Talbo is the protoype of all strong-willed women whose nature leads them into ill-fated friendships with people like themselves, and who must eventually rely on more permanent if less exciting relationships with the compassionate weak-willed people they look down on. This part—difficult partly because it is unsympathetic and partly because Mr. Capote's written transformation is not believable—is played by Estelle Omens, who is as yet only going through the motions. Finally there is Judge Charlie Cool, the familiar older man whose honest departures from conventional thinking are regarded as signs of senility by more practical members of his family. Frederic Downs, who plays it, has an unfortunate self-righteous air which turns Judge Cool's revelations into homilies.

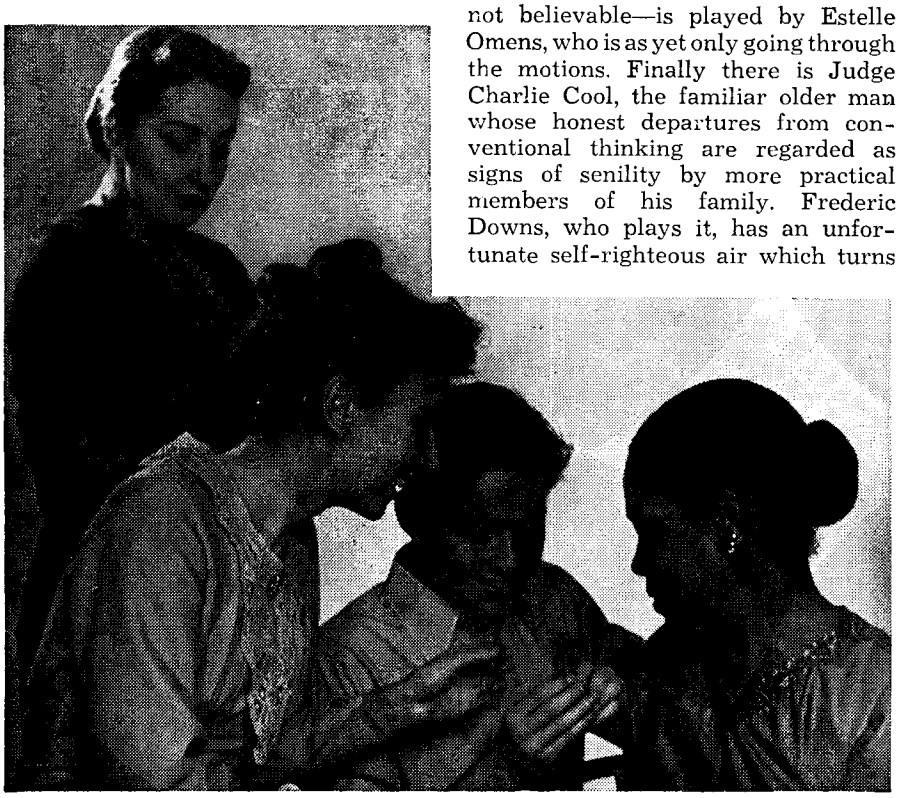
What the Circle-in-the-Square production has lost is the exoticness, the mystery, and the wonderfully absurd humor that were partially expressed in the more artful and wider-ranged acting of Mildred Natwick, Georgia Burke, Johnny Stewart, and Ray Collins. Perhaps this loss will give the play a wider appeal, and indeed Mr. Capote may have reconciled himself to this kind of reduction. Did he not change Dolly's diet from the weird and special "chicken brains" in the novel to the more ordinary "chicken livers" in the play?

Mr. Quintero's direction also lacks variety, with every line given almost equal value. The result is a cumulative monotony which necessitates the spectator taking occasional rests during the play's less effective moments. In addition, the rearranged montage in which the townspeople discuss in round-robin Dolly's flight to the treehouse lends a note of artificiality that hurts more than it helps.

Keith Cuerden's selective and inexpensive scenery turns out to be completely adequate, and Noah Kalkut's pink and blue lighting operated by a man with full view of the stage brings much-needed magic to some of the scenes. Missed, of course, is Virgil Thomson's music, but the records substituted for it have been tastefully chosen. All things considered, "The Grass Harp" can be said to have benefited in essence, if not in detail, by its transplantation to the Circle-in-the-Square stage.

* * *

"THE World of Sholom Aleichem," being presented at the Barbizon-Plaza by Howard Da Silva and Arnold Perl, should, I guess, be called folk-tale theatre. The tales adapted into short plays include: a story about Chelm, a mythical Yiddish town whose inhabitants are all foolish, dance-acted with charm by Will Lee; Isaac Loeb Peretz's touching story of Bontche Schweig, the persecuted Jew who never complained, and who when he reached heaven could think of nothing more luxurious to request than a hot roll with fresh butter—Ruby Dee's plea for Bontche, and Jack Gilford's expressive pantomime as the little man are simple but rich bits of narrative acting; and finally "The High School" by the late Mr. Aleichem (né Rabinowitz). This playlet follows a Jewish family in its attempts to enrol its son into a high school with a Jewish quota. The first part of the play is human and delightful, with Morris Carnovsky masterfully humorous as the husband always being bested by his wife. "Did I say 'no'?" he complains from the doghouse. "The only thing was I



Estelle Omens, Clarice Blackburn, Ray Stricklyn, Ruth Attaway—"benefited in essence."

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didn't say 'yes' loud enough." But in its later and graver moments leading up to a student strike against the quota system, the drama tends to become wooden. Perhaps this is because the original used the strike only as an incident in which the comic wife-husband relationship was expressed, and not as the point of the story. It is a slight cloud in the otherwise sunny "World of Sholom Aleichem."

* * *

THE "Men of Distinction" in Richard Condon's play of that name are: Peter Hogarth, high-powered public relations man with an acquired fetish for the fashionable: Carleton Pelter IV, aristocratic heir to a tied-up family fortune who has turned to pandering with no loss in dignity; August Volpone, a greasy gangster whose televised appearance on the crime hearings has increased rather than decreased his public appeal; and Fighting Dan Gaffney, a politically ambitious district attorney. The author's point of view seems to be that each of these characters behaves in the immoral manner he does because such is the way of our world. This also applies to the "career girls" who work under Mr. Pelter. As one of them puts it, "How is a girl who can't type supposed to make a living anyway?" So far, so good. Mr. Condon has the ingredients for a picaresque satire that when picked up a hundred years from today might tell more about our times than almost any other comedy you could pick.

However, he has written it most unevenly, interlacing wit and gags indiscriminately.

The play is at its best when Carleton Pelter IV, drawn in the high comic tradition (and so played by Chandler Cowles), informs the district attorney with snobbish disdain that his family had once had an upstairs maid named Gaffney, "a nice clean girl"; or punctures the gangster's pride by pointing out that *his* great-grandfather had bilked Jay Gould and Cornelius Vanderbilt out of twenty million dollars in a railroad deal.

Some of the lower level humor is funny, too, particularly when it is in the earthy hands of David Burns, who plays the irate D.A. Martin Ritt and Orson Bean add good caricatures in lesser roles. But the major part of Peter Hogarth is played a bit too warmly by Robert Preston.

The red velvet settings of David Ffolkes have a high degree of style, and should have encouraged Mr. Condon to maintain a similar distinction in the dialogue and action he fashioned for his "Men."

—HENRY HEWES.

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JEAN ARTHUR
VAN HEFLIN
in GEORGE STEVENS'
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"SHANE"
co-starring
BRANDON DE WILDE
and
JACK PALANCE
color by
TECHNICOLOR
Produced and Directed by
George Stevens
A Paramount Picture
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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Movies Are Wider Than Ever

A FEW weeks back I wrote rather glowingly of "Shane." George Stevens's handsome reconstruction of pioneer days in old Wyoming. I had seen it in a Paramount preview room, projected on one of those old-fashioned normal screens. My eye was constantly delighted by its beautifully composed shots and subtle colorations, by the play of light and shade over great rolling landscapes with the spectacular Grand Tetons always in the background. Recently I went to see "Shane" again, this time on the giant new ultra-wide "panoramic" screen that the Radio City Music Hall has installed for the occasion. While the normal screen is proportioned in a three-to-four ratio, the Music Hall's seems closer to three by five and a half—almost twice as wide as it is high. Unfortunately, "Shane" was shot for the normal screen shape; to blow it up to the new dimension meant slicing a good wide strip off the bottom of the frame in projection. It meant, not infrequently, that significant action was off the screen altogether, that movements were truncated or completed outside the frame. It meant, more importantly, that carefully composed shots were destroyed by the new proportions of the Music Hall's screen. And, finally, the excessive magnification had the effect of washing out the rich color, of reducing the illumination on the screen to a point where shadow often obscured action.

I mention all this not to single out "Shane" and the Music Hall for special abuse. We will probably have more like it. It is even possible that films in the future may be shot specifically for some new-shaped screen, masking a portion of the frame and composing the shots to the new playing area. The question I want to raise is, just what are the advantages of these new proportions? It is a question that comes sharply to mind with the recent demonstrations of 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope, the wide screen to end all wide screens. Two and a half times longer than it is high, CinemaScope literally fills the proscenium with picture. But, although it was introduced as a sort of poor man's Cinerama, costing far less to install and far less complicated in its mechanism, the initial test reels failed to produce anything like the effects of depth achieved on the Cinerama screen. Instead, one has the impression he is watching a long, narrow ribbon of action, rather too wide for its height. Impressive it is when racing cars tear around a speedway, their roar amplified by three directional loudspeakers. Impressive too are several spectacular scenes from Fox's forthcoming CinemaScope feature "The Robe"—even though the horizons tend to curl upwards in extreme long shots. On the other hand, several "intimate" scenes were also included in the demonstration. And the spectacle of Lauren Bacall stretched out on a lounge half a block long is something to give one pause. She takes on all the intimate attributes of the Paul Manship statue of Prometheus in Rockefeller Plaza.

No less disturbing is Fox's gleeful announcement that the new process eliminates frequent cutting. The tests reveal all too clearly what this means. Instead of the camera, ever a selective instrument, picking out first one significant portion of a scene, then the next, the spectator himself must swivel back and forth across the immensity of the screen, from Marilyn Monroe speaking a line at the lower right hand corner to Miss Bacall answering her eighty feet away. The very elements that make the film an art, the close-up and the cut, are virtually excluded as creative functions. And in their place—width. A wide screen that lacks the dynamism, the variety of composition possible within the present screen ratio. Mr. Skouras mentioned at the initial presentation of CinemaScope that already over 2,000 theatres have applied for installations, that hundreds of new applications are being received every week.

In the meantime "panoramic" screens, "synchro-screens," and every other kind of screen that can give an impression of width or tremendous size have been pressed into service. Their novelty, the industry hopes, will bring the public back into the theatres. It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone yet that an inanity magnified to six times its normal proportions is scarcely any the less inane.

* * *

For proof that a really good movie depends for its vitality on neither width, depth, or even Technicolor, I recommend the current revival of Harold Lloyd's 1925 comedy "The Freshman" (Lippert). Enhanced by only a synchronized organ accompaniment, it runs just about the way it did almost thirty years ago, subtitles and all. And it's still marvelously funny. This is vintage comedy from the silent era, with just a slight edge of satire and a steady stream of expertly contrived sight gags that have somehow retained all their original freshness, point, and pace. The sequence in which Harold goes to the college prom in a basted tuxedo, his tailor following nervously at his heels, is one of the classics of movie humor. So is the big football game that climaxes the film (which turned up again a few year ago in Preston Sturges's "Mad Wednesday"). This is humor built around a character, set in motion by a situation, and developed until both it and the audience are utterly exhausted. No one screams like a demented gibbon, makes inane faces, or jokes at somebody else's expense. It's what we used to mean by good, clean fun—and, as "The Freshman" amply suggests, it's still the best.

* * *

Nor need width, depth, and Technicolor be added to "The Desert Rats" (20th Century-Fox), a sequel to "The Desert Fox." Once again James Mason expertly impersonates Rommel, the wily German commander. Only this time the heroes are the men of the Australian 9th Division, the defenders of Tobruk through 242 grim days and nights of siege. The film follows a fairly familiar story pattern, with Richard Burton as an English captain assigned to command a company of green Aussie soldiers.

Hated for his strictness, he gradually wins their respect and devotion by proving himself in combat. As written by Richard Murphy, however, both the captain and his men emerge as sharp, well-defined characters, forged and tested in the hard necessity of aggressive action against a clever and numerically superior foe. Director Robert Wise has gotten an almost documentary quality into his action sequences—the *panzer* attacks, the night raids, the scenes of hand-to-hand front-line fighting. Lucien Ballard's brilliant black-and-white photography is also helpful, capturing the gritty feel of a desert sand storm, the eerie lights of perimeter artillery fire against the night sky, the explosion of an enemy ammunition dump. It's combat history brought alive with spine-tingling realism.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Wm. Shakespeare, Esq.
"The undiscover'd country . . ."

SIR: You will be pleasured, certes, to learn that on April 26, inst., the "Hallmark Hall of Fame" (NBC-TV) commemorated the 389th anniversary of your baptism with a special two-hour television adaptation of "Hamlet."

Mr. Maurice Evans, the eminent Shakespearian player, represented the Prince: it was his television debut, produced-directed by Albert McCleery. The supporting players, as a whole, to borrow from Act III, Scene II, neither o'erstepped the modesty of nature nor were too tame. I hardly think you would have chosen Mr. Joseph Schildkraut—a sensitive player but one with eastern marches in his tongue—to represent King Claudius of Scandinavian Elsinore. Miss Sarah Churchill managed somehow, in the role of Ophelia, to render the usually embarrassing "mad" scene with conviction. I have always wondered how your own lads in tights got it across. In this case, it was done by bold pruning and by cleverly substituting the flavor of psychiatry for the antique straws, flowers, and ballads.

Miss Churchill played the scene in bed—a novelty. Television often "modernizes" old plays like your own, so that the millions who see them for the first time will not feel so remote from their times, places, and people. Mr. Evans chose to decorate and costume "Hamlet" in an Edwardian-Victorian-Graustarkian fashion. I never object to tampering with the exterior trappings of your plays. Let them be modern, primitive, or futuristic—no matter so long as the problems of mankind at the heart of them are held inviolate. I think that transplanting the melancholy Dane from cold, gloomy battlements to cheery bourgeois chambers rather robbed the play of its essential wild and antique wonder.

It hardly helped to make the Ghost of Hamlet's father credible (a problem in superstition you chose to ignore).

The Ghost—poor fellow—was but a wraith of his former fat part. Played by the excellent English actor Malcolm Keene, and supered extra-life size on the screen, he appeared somewhat as a giant Bismarck. In the Queen's chamber after Hamlet had murdered Polonius, the Prince and his mother both could plainly see the apparition in a mirror—which undermined Gertrude's protestation to her son: "This is the very coinage of your brain."

It took two television adapters to cut the play: they did a lot of cutting. (Actually, only a hundred minutes were devoted to the play itself, the remaining quarter hour to the cause of the patron, a maker of greeting cards.) Young Fortinbras, of course, got the sack: he always goes first: Horatio spoke his lines at the end. The clowns were out; poor Yorick, alas!—mincing Osric, much of Laertes, even Hamlet's own speech to the Players. There be those among us who like Mr. Evans exceeding well in "Dial M for Murder"—a genteel pulse-quickener in which he currently walks the real boards on Broadway in a subdued, artful manner—but we think he often struts and "tears a passion to tatters" when he comes to Avon. Thus—"Sit still, my soul . . . !" he cried aloud to the camera in Act I, Scene II, when he was alone and should have read the line quietly, troubled, introspectively—what?

It has been suggested that the stage is the medium for the dramatist, the cinema for the director, and television for the actor—for its chief matter is dumb-show. The little screen chokes on grandeur of setting and detail; and the player, at heavenly last, sits in the very lap of his audience. The posture has its advantages. How fine to hear clearly all your noble lines which escaped the greeting card squeeze!

The "late innovation" has its faults, however. How startling to gaze at a close shot of Hamlet dead, on his back in the arms of the soldiers, head hanging down—and catch the corpse in the act of twitching his right eyelid!

The Hallmark drum-beaters declare that more people saw "Hamlet" on your TV baptismal anniversary than ever saw a "live" portrayal since you wrote the play. Not a penny more paid—but how satisfying. Between acts the screen showed a white bust of you—and under it the word "Intermission."

A professional voice locally announced the telephone number of a fur storage service and oranges danced a frozen tango. Hallmark cards sparkled—at length—in the eyes of a typical family watching the performance: this was the patron's pound of flesh. Trumpets recalled us to Elsinore.

Thus you were introduced to a new generation whose English teachers no doubt made you an extracurricular must that Sunday. How much better to have you on television than not to have you at all!

Yours, etc.,
—R. L. S.

—NBC.

Sarah Churchill and Maurice Evans as Ophelia and the Prince in television's "Hamlet."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

City Center Rossini and Strauss on TV

PONDERING the general tendency, at this stocktaking time of year, to rate the City Center Opera as more successful with its kind of undertaking than the Metropolitan is with its, the question that naturally follows is: Why? I think it has more to do with the frame and the picture than is commonly recognized, and I shall try to explain why.

The City Center is far from a small house, indeed its capacity of close to 3,000 is larger than many a European opera house, and not substantially below the Metropolitan's. But it is a compact theatre, and not being built for opera, is more suitable for it than most survivors of the by-gone epoch when opera houses were being built. It has no stage apron to speak of, and the orchestra pit is disproportionately small. In terms of the audience this serves a favorable purpose, for a listener half way back on the orchestra floor is almost as close to the stage as a Metropolitan chairholder of a first row seat.

If the Metropolitan offered, day in and day out, the kind of perfected, splendid singing that once was considered "standard," the City Center's variety would seem much weaker than it does. However, with world standards in vocalism depressed, there are more than enough inferior singers to go around—and they sound a lot better in the City Center than they do in the Metropolitan. (A reminder of the observation above regarding the frame and the picture.)

This involuted reasoning is a product of a second viewing of the City Center's generally admired production of Rossini's "Cenerentola." Otto Erhardt's amusing production ideas and Joseph Rosenstock's painstaking direction retain their merits; but I could not find much in the vocal work that convinced me I was hearing a fair likeness of what Rossini intended. Frances Bible as the Cinderella heroine earns the best marks for punctuality, attention, and honest effort; Richard Manning, the tenor singer of Prince Ramiro, the lowest, for his hardpressed, inept sounds. I'd like to think that the City Center has done a real service in producing a version of "Cenerentola" generally lacking in sparkle, adroitness, or vocal ease: but I can't see whose interests were really well served by this venture. Those who say it is "interesting," at least, to hear a kind of work the Metropolitan doesn't put on, can be envied for their optimistic view of the good where so much was wanting.

* * *

By and large, the version of "Der Rosenkavalier" heard on two recent Saturdays via WNBC-TV offered the City Center vocal values transferred to television. In addition to Miss Bible as Octavian, the principal roles were sung by Wilma Spence (the Marschallin), Virginia Haskins (Sophie), and Ralph Herbert (Baron Ochs), all of whom are present or former members of the Fifty-fifth Street company. This put a kind of ceiling on the expectable quality of singing, but I do not think that the NBC Opera Television Theatre's floor was as sound as it has provided in other ventures.

Without arguing again the pros and cons of translated opera, I can say with certainty that whatever the qualities of John Gutman's English text, it was weakened and denatured by the peculiar circumstances of television. To make the Baron a harmless oaf rather than a roistering philanderer may serve the ends of the TV code, but hardly those of either Strauss or Hofmannsthal. There are some things which cannot be purified without being misrepresented, and "Rosenkavalier" is one of them. The results did not offend any ears in the living rooms of the land, I am sure. Those who would have been "shocked" most—Strauss and Hofmannsthal—are, after all, outside this earthly pale.

What we are considering here is whether the NBC-TV group was well-advised in undertaking "Der Rosenkavalier," rather than in how well it managed what it should not have done. My answer, on the first point is, obviously, negative. On the second, I have no more than a qualified regard for the usually able Peter Adler's musical direction (many of his slow tempi seemed to be related to a need for clean English enunciation), and the work of his cast. The big cut in Act I could be defended on the theory that it did not omit anything vital from the story, but the essential values of "Der Rosenkavalier" are, after all, musical ones. Too few of the total in the Strauss score were realized for the results to be regarded with affection. For this viewer, the Opera Theatre bit off more of a tough nut than it can chew with television techniques that have barely cut their eye teeth.

* * *

While taking note of vocal phenomena, a promising one of recent date was the recital of Jeanette la Bianca, a young soprano, in Town Hall. Still in her teens, the young lady shows a command of florid technic quite uncommon, if one considers that she also sings Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor" and Saint-Saens' "Nightingale and the Rose" musically, and with attractive sound. Town Hall is no place to evaluate the possible effect of "Caro nome" ("Rigoletto") or "Il faut partir" ("La Fille du Regiment") elsewhere, but they at least aroused a curiosity for another hearing. Miguel Sandoval was the helpful pianist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Steuben Glass Collection

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

HERE lucent apple, oval pear, the clustered grape that has no seed,
Fruit ripened by the light of a transparent moon,
Sharing no fragrance, making no sound,
Fall at silver noon upon the mirror-ground.
Here the cool lily floats upon a flawless lake.
The orchid and the rose lift petals cold and white,
Forever answering the imperious voice of light.
A flying fish skims the atmopshere; a dolphin curves the air,
And dives into a sea whose heart is diamond-clear.
A shining rabbit in the brittle grass
Waits for the hunter and the dogs to pass.
Two trees whose leaves are sisters to the stars
Lift radiant branches to the sky as the smooth winds pass by.
All the clear branches sway in the enchanted day
Above a crystal stream where bird and beast and flower
Shape the immortal dream.

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The Great Turning Point

(*Continued from page* 11)

ous company. In the West there are still proud nations that a little while ago strode mightily across the globe. Strong, secure, rich in the accretions of centuries, they held the gorgeous East in fee. Now partially sustained by us, they lie weak and exposed to the attacks of a powerful enemy who himself was recently near to dissolution. In their streets sound the clanking of American arms as the New World seeks to redress the balance of the Old.

MOST striking is this. As by some incomprehensible mysticism, the stage has been cleared of all but two giant antagonists. Embittered and embattled, the one holds half the world in its grip. The other haltingly sustains the other half.

In the brief span of thirty-five years, the Soviet Union has jumped from the oxcart into the airplane. She has risen from a second-rate underdeveloped Eastern European power to a position where she is matched only by the United States. Many European and Asian nations have fallen under her influence. Her control extends to eight hundred million people; nearly half of mankind. Primitive and advanced, her soldiers go with black bread in their hands and the awful secrets of nuclear fission in their minds.

She is a novel enemy. We have never faced one quite like her. She has a fanatical sense of "mission" to dominate the world; one that antedates Karl Marx. Even when she was in *extremis* during the last war, abundant evidence proves that her sense of mission remained unchanged. She tells time, not by years or decades, but by centuries. In terms, so to speak, of organism she is to the high-bred, febrile, intricately organized West as the earthworm to the race horse. Her Communist leaders—as the Nazis—have been at some pains to tell us that it is We or They.

In Western Europe fatigue weighs heavily upon many people. The massive bloodlettings of successive wars, the destruction of property, the shock of stupendous change, the humiliations and horrors of enemy invasion have sapped their will. I believe that if when Hitler had invaded France and the Low Countries, he had established them as genuinely autonomous parts of a future German Empire and treated them with dignity, they would not have rebelled. A Europe unified even by force might have seemed preferable to a Europe forever at war. If tomorrow war should again swoop down upon these tired, dispirited people, would they fight, or would they regard anything—slavery, Communism, Russian occupation—as preferable to war?

Today the NATO countries are reluctant to rearm in keeping with the supreme risk because to them this means robbing the skimpy present for the sake of a perhaps even skimpier and certainly dubious future; one marked possibly by man's definitively catastrophic war. But before condemning them, let us remember this. They died by millions in two global wars within a generation. Their cities were tumbled to the ground. They were hurled from wealth to poverty. They had the enemy on their soil. We endured none of these things. Yet fatigue is already creeping upon us. We are reaching the limits of our patience in Korea. We groan over our tax burdens in the midst of our riches. Five years ago we were ready with quick answers to world problems. Today we are less sure.

What of the ancient East? Its once hopeless people have become hopeful. Hopelessness is narcotic, paralyzing the will. But hope is stimulating, being the adrenalin of the spirit. Today it beats in the breasts of millions of Orientals. They yearn for a larger share of the world's goods than they have ever had, and nothing will keep them from attempting to get it. If they should fail, what have they to lose? Democracy? They have never had it; nor do they comprehend it. Freedom? They have never known it. Life itself? How dear is life when it is an unending misery from birth to an early grave, the grave that comes mercifully for most Orientals?

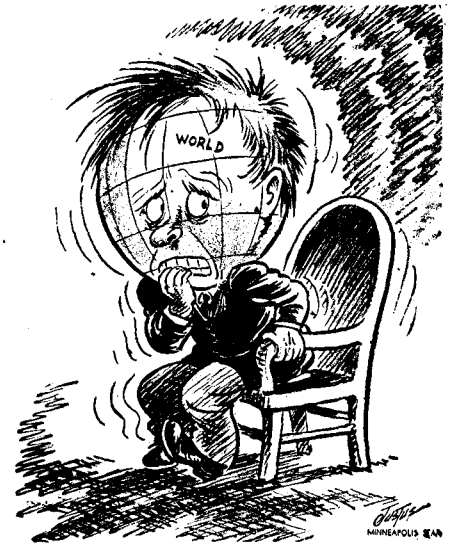
In Persia I talked with a peasant who had seen a can of our dog food. He said that if he could get such a can once a week for his family, he would be happy. He might be willing to die to realize his ambition to lead the life of an American dog. Here the words of Eric Hoffer are pertinent: "One of the rules," he says, "that emerges from a consideration of the factors that promote self-sacrifice is that we are less ready to die for what we have or are than for what we wish to have and to be. It is a perplexing and unpleasant truth that when men already have 'something worth fighting for,' they usually do not feel like fighting. People who live full, worthwhile lives are not usually ready to die for their own interests nor for their country nor for a holy cause. Craving, not having, is the mother of a reckless giving of oneself."

PERHAPS this throws some light upon what we regard as the unreasonable attitudes of other peoples; their disdain of "logic"; their "fanaticism." By contrast with those who have, how overwhelmingly numerous are those who "crave."

War, disorder, and nameless horrors stalk the earth compounded by, as Santayana put it, "a sore of self-hatred and self-contempt; a wild throwing for something different, and a deep, dark impulse to destroy everything that has the impertinence to exist."

But, paradoxically, deep in the hearts of great groups of men glows their ancient desire for one world. They have always, however, been too

"No Plaything!"



"Is There a Psychiatrist in the House?"

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irrational to realize it through processes of law and ordered organization. Yet the desire persists and it will be brought to fruition, I believe, at whatever cost; even if the new structure must be erected upon the ruins of the old after there has been played out the "deep, dark impulse to destroy everything that has the impertinence to exist."

OBVIOUSLY nothing is more irrational than to assume that because men are capable of behaving rationally they will necessarily do so. Nor need one labor the point that men are constantly irrational in their conduct of great affairs. (Fortunately, however, it is always the other fellow who is "unreasonable.") Even the organized religions are capable of lethal irrationality. Biblical Jews killed "heathen" in God's name. Later Christians slaughtered Jews and Moslems in Christ's name, and Moslems murdered Jews and Christians in the Prophet's name, while only yesterday, in India, Hindus and Moslems killed one another by thousands.

The grandiose madness of our times manifests itself in wars of annihilation and revolutions that take the lives of millions. But there is always present an everyday madness of which I select a few examples at random from the many available. It is plainly insane that Middle East gas should burn in the empty desert when millions of Western Europeans clamor for it. But a pipeline cannot be built because of the conflicting sovereignties through which it must pass. It is equally madness that Western Europe does not enjoy the benefits of mass production because vested interests, fears, greed split it into squabbling principalities.

Are we Americans in better estate? Would we, even at this midnight hour, establish a commonwealth with Western Europe, having a common passport among other things in common? Are we prepared to permit friendly nations to have wide access to our markets—the world's richest and most compact markets—so that, freely selling as well as buying here, they may earn their way in the world? The answer to both questions is, No. At the end of December 1952, we restricted by quota imports into this country of dried buttermilk, cream, and whole milk. The dairy lobby speaks with a thousand mouths. The Secretary of State has but one.

As for the Communists, it is their way or none. They substitute dogma for reason. The faithful question it at their peril. Unable even to communicate because words do not mean the same to them and to us, we alternately regard one another as incomprehensible or unspeakable.

It would seem to be true that, in Bertrand Russell's words, "Ninety per cent of the people of the world would rather run the risk of being killed than be sensible." If our own Civil War does not sufficiently illuminate his aphorism, there is no lack of later examples from which to choose.

The supreme pathos of our times is this. Man's technological capacities are now such that he could go a long way toward eliminating disease, illiteracy, and the grosser forms of poverty. But heaven in sight, he perversely marches toward hell.

Presently we are at this point. The war that began nearly forty years ago has never ended. Wars come at shorter intervals than before. They increase in dimensions and become wars of annihilation. Nearly half of mankind has dropped out of sight of the other half. Revolution and revolt flame almost everywhere. The biggest business on earth is the armaments business. Scientists of antagonistic nations, pitted against one another in the search for weapons of definitive destruction, venture even into the dark jungles of matter where lies the cub-nursing tigress. Everywhere men stand to arms. Everywhere they peer into radar screens watching, watching, watching.

WHAT is the meaning of this titanic conflict? I do not know. Man, often arrogant in his knowledge, knows little of individual human behavior and still less of mass human behavior in its most aberrant form: war. I can only speculate that mankind, blindly and destructively, is stumbling toward a one world state to be brought about and maintained by force.

If it is objected that no one state could dominate a conquered world, that objection, once valid, no longer applies. New weapons are at hand to enforce the conqueror's will. The defeated, disarmed enemy could not hope to rise if the victor has the ruthlessness to use weapons available to him.

Old empires were hampered by poor transport. But today, in terms of travel time, Moscow is closer to New York than New York was to Philadelphia in Franklin's day. The victor's garrisons, frequently changed and constantly supervised, would not succumb to the seductions of the conquered; nor would the garrisons have to be burdensomely large. The will of rebellious nations could be broken.

If the ruthless Soviet Union should win the next war, her control of the earth would be simplified by methods she could be expected to apply. Everywhere—following the Nazi example—she would kill potential rebels among lawyers, clergymen, journalists, artists, writers, intellectuals in general, severing head from body. Everywhere she thought it useful—as she is presently doing in the Iron Curtain countries—millions would be exiled to die as slave laborers, their places chosen by others whom she would nominate.

The conqueror's hold, moreover, would be made impregnable, if she chose, by monopolistic possession of the airplane, to say nothing of monopolistic possession of nuclear weapons. Kill a single member of her garrison and a city would die in retaliation. What price courage under the circumstances, or the will to freedom?

Civilization can be destroyed. The Spanish conquistadors possessed only crude weapons that killed at retail, and had little of our diabolical knowledge of how to break the will of nations. Yet almost overnight they destroyed the ancient Aztec and Inca civilizations. Do you think that yesterday Hitler would have been in-

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competent for a similar task, or that the heirs of Stalin would be tomorrow?

Mere contemplation of the world posited here freezes the heart. So, one imagines, the hearts of American Indians must have frozen as they contemplated the fate to which our forebears were bent upon condemning them. So, only yesterday, must the hearts of six million European Jews have frozen as they faced Hitler's gas chambers. To what could they have recourse? Where was their savior? Unable to defend themselves, Indians and Jews perished. History—the tale repetitious—records their passing. But nature—indifferent—does not weep for them.

WE shall not be saved by shrinking from reality, a tendency to which we are strongly given. It is not decreed that we shall escape history or the melancholy struggles that have engulfed so much of mankind in the past. There is no inalienable right to survival. It is won and maintained only at the cost of constant struggle. Losing the next war, we shall be slaves. Winning, we shall be masters. But even as masters the American system and the American temperament will thereafter be distorted beyond recognition.

In our optimism we say nothing is inevitable except death. Yet we speak of "inevitability" as exemplified by the Greek tragic theatre. We then grant that when a certain train of circumstances is set in motion, it must continue to its inexorable end. (By the late 1850's Americans were talking of the coming "irrepressible conflict.") in these terms, the train being in motion, I believe that it is inexorably moving toward war and a one world state. Here, let us recall this: before our Union had become indissolubly forged we fought the bloodiest of civil wars.

There are other considerations. In Acton's famous words, "Great men are nearly always bad men." Does this not apply to the handful of amoral rulers in the Kremlin who have life-or-death dominion over millions? Second, when nations engage in armaments races, do they end in peace or war? Nineteen fourteen and 1939 bear upon the answer. Third, has the mounting destructiveness of weapons ever deterred men from war? Fourth, to what extent do men control events, or do events control men? Can the USSR control the tidal waves that it has loosed, or is it doomed to be swept along by them?

One word more about inevitability. Men are willing and purposeful creatures; not helpless puppets of the gods. If, then, we affirm that nothing is inevitable, the words are meaningless unless accompanied by a resolution to do everything possible to avert the inevitable. Are we doing it? Are we coming forward freely to serve our country, or are we hanging back? Are we willing to raise taxes—to the subsistence point if necessary—or do we want them reduced? If they are raised, we say, individual initiative will be destroyed. The gods don't give a damn for such a consideration, while even a layman may ask: Isn't the preservation of life and liberty sufficient initiative? Or are we to believe that the past twenty centuries, with their magnificent processions of saints, seers, poets, philosophers, givers of the law and givers of the light, and all the mighty dead and the billions of anonymous dead who tasted salt and savored the moon—that all this is but a detour to enable us to arrive at an automobile more chromium-hung than the one we had last year?

The while men stand at the greatest turning point in their experience. Compared to the events of the future, all of their recorded history will seem to be but a footnote to history.

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Auto-punishment

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SUMMER ISLAND

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

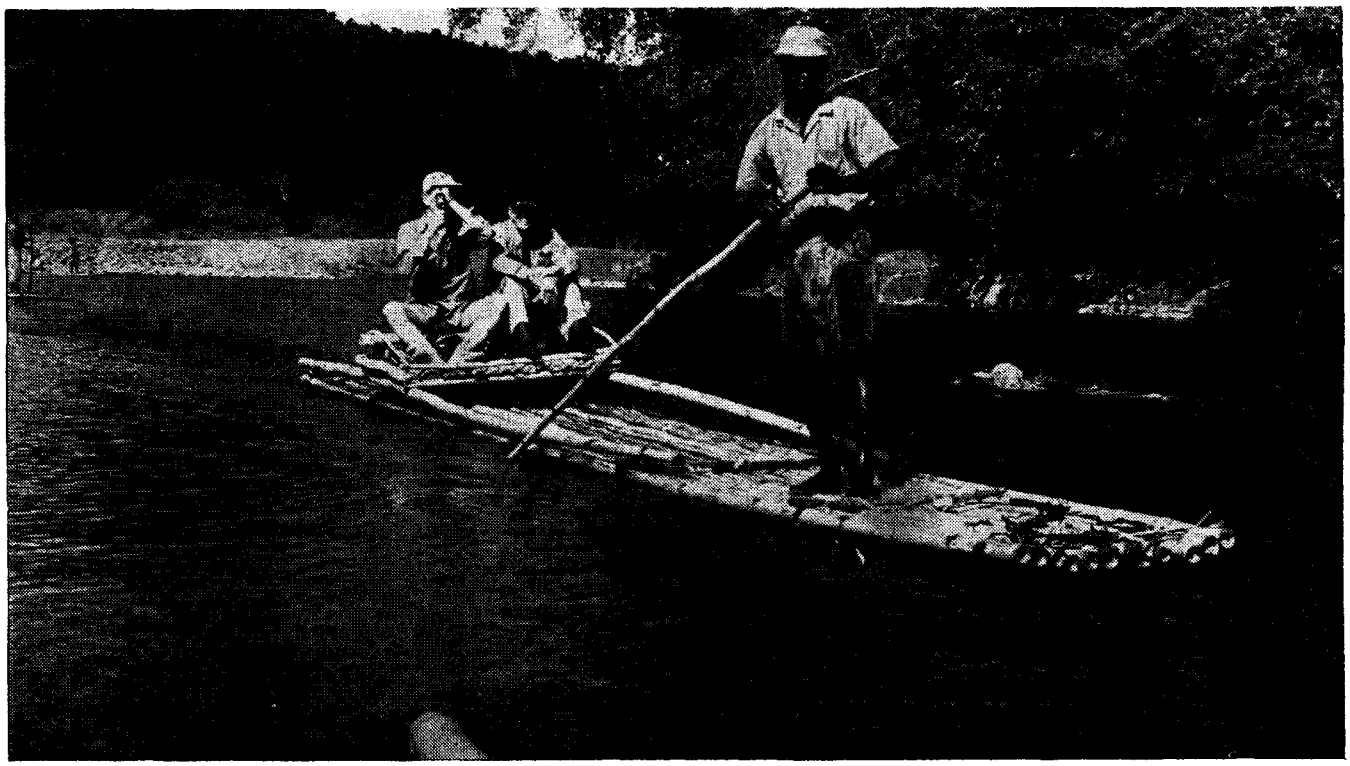
THE two people one hears most about in Jamaica these days are Kitch and Bustamante. Kitch, who is legendary, and whose name is pronounced *keee-ee yitch* with a long inflected hook on the end of it, is the subject of the most popular calypso song on the island. Bustamante—whose first name is Alexander, and who insists upon being called merely Bustamante or even "Busta"—has become almost a legend, too. He stands six feet four inches, has light tan skin, a great pompadour of gray hair with a pair of white spumes shooting out from the temples. On the day I met him his long nose was slightly red on the shoreline of the nostrils, and he wore a simple black single-breasted suit, a plain white shirt, and a white piqué bow tie such as men ordinarily wear with a tailcoat.

Bustamante is the elected Chief Minister of Jamaica and is simultaneously the head of a union which includes every sugar worker on the island, or 100,000 members. Busta says he was born in Jamaica and taken to Madrid at the age of six by one Lt. Col. Bustamante, a Spanish officer who had come to the island on a vacation. His father, he says, was an Irishman named Clarke, his mother a full-blooded Arawak Indian. His Spanish is fluent and he declaimed pleasantly the other day to the wife of the Colombian consul to Jamaica who sat at his side at a luncheon in Port Antonio. He also declaimed in English on a variety of subjects which according to my notes went as follows: On his mother: "She died five years ago at 105 and was never sick in her life to go to bed. Never sick in her life to go to bed, I say." On his wife: "She died sixteen years ago in New York. It was a terrific blow, for she was calm and I was temperamental and we blended." On meat: "Is it Jamaica meat? I don't like foreign meat." On other labor leaders: "Lewis has gone a little too radical. Bevin came to too hasty conclusions." On Walter Reuther: "Who?" On his farm: "I had 7,000 trees there and everyone went down in the storm of 1951 except 500. Everyone except 500. Oh, but now it is almost heaven there, honey." On the English language: "A little heavy. Has not much music in it." On his cousin who is his opponent in a forthcoming election: "His mother born him on the steps of a courthouse. He is born lawyer. He master advocacy. He is political illiterate. I won him. I always win him."

This week Busta arrives in the United States on the way to the Coronation. He has been here before. He says he made a killing in Wall St. at the time of the crash. Some say he once drove a cab in Harlem. Of Busta's family tree an American scientist who has been commuting to the Caribbean for twenty years says, "Arawaks, hell. There hasn't been an Arawak around there since Columbus arrived." Although Bustamante's followers probably are not inclined to doubt his flamboyant family tree, there are signs he may have trouble at the next general election in 1954. Said a cab driver in Jamaica last week, "Bustamante is like a cow. He give ten quarts of milk, dan kick it ova."

Although Busta's popularity may be on the wane, Kitch's popularity is on the rise, and it seems inevitable now that his inappropriate notions about love shall sweep through the Caribbean Islands and slide the calypso scales into the eternal halls of folklore. The more printable lyrics go:

> Kitch! come go to bed, a have a small comb to scratch your head:
> And do do Kitch! don't make mi cry, you know a love you, you playin' shy
> Well when she call mi, I took the chance, a went and lie down but she want romance.
> A said but darling, I am misled, a thought you call mi to scratch mi head.



Rafting on Jamaica's Rio Grande—"two hours . . . two and a half miles."

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The flair for appreciating the dramatic which accepts a Bustamante, the lazy, lusty rhythmic undertone which produces a Kitch, is probably what transports Jamaica from a pleasant island with palm trees to a place of warmth, definitive character, and imaginative individuality. The personality of Jamaica wells up out of the music, springs out of the conversations, protrudes through the philosophy, stands out baldly in the village signs.

WHILE all this has been enjoyed in the past on an elegant wintertime basis by those suffering a social chilblain, Jamaica seems on the verge of developing a summer business for the vacationer-with-pay. It began with characteristic conversative timidity last year, but now some of the most sanctified halls have arranged for packaged tours at just about half the winter rates. Much of the new program has been inspired by the direct, non-stop service from the north which has been inaugurated by Avianca, the national airline of Colombia. Montego Bay has been made the first stop out of New York on Avianca's Saturday Constellation flight to Barranquilla and Bogota. It takes six hours and fifteen minutes. Avianca also flies nonstop from New York to Kingston, and provides DC-4 tourist service from New York to Jamaica with an intermediate stop at Miami.

Round-trip air fare and eight full days at the Casa Blanca Hotel in Montego Bay will come to $277 plus $31.50 tax. The Casa Blanca is the matriarch of Montego Bay, having started with six rooms back in 1924 when Jamaica grew bananas. And that same year when an ingenue sang a Lorenz Hart lyric that said, "I'd like to take a sail on Jamaica Bay with you," nobody doubted that she was singing about Jamaica, Long Island. The Casa Blanca has seventy-one rooms now, and is crowded by the new Montego Beach Hotel, which was built last year atop a graveyard, a constructional peculiarity that has not constrained its gaiety.

What the unregistered can expect at Montego Bay this summer at fees from $8 to $14 a day is swimming at Doctor's Cave Beach, a pleasant sand crescent bordered by sea grape trees washed by remarkably translucent water reputed to impart more health than a large-sized bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills. The patios of the Casa Blanca adjoin the sea and, while inducing an air of well-being either externally from the sun or internally from the local mash, one can hardly avoid being serenaded by youngsters bobbing for pennies, the man in the glass bottom boat, or floating calypso

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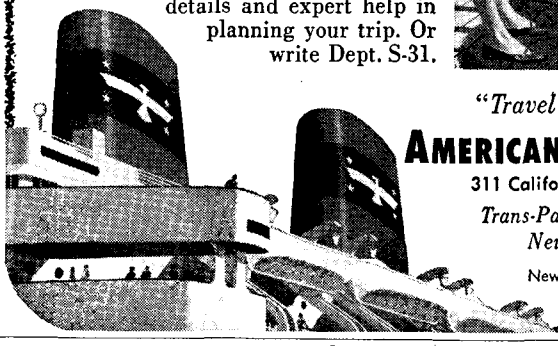

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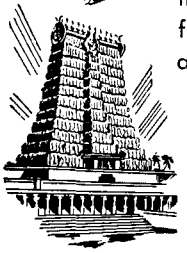

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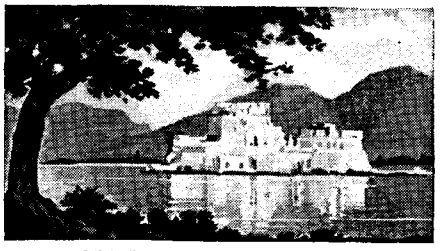

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Island of Calm —for 724 years

By Thurman Price

Under the leadership of red-bearded Jaime I of Catalonia and Aragon, 724 years ago, an "amphibious" expedition set forth from Salou near Tarragona (Spain) to put an end to Moorish pirates on the Island of Majorca.

Sailing at night, exactly as our U. S. forces sailed at night for the invasion of Sicily in World War II, Jaime's expedition—again like ours—was struck by a sudden, violent Mediterranean storm.

At the height of the tempest, as 20,000 Christian soldiers and hundreds of horses were pitched around in the wooden ships, Jaime prayed to the Virgin and vowed to build the most beautiful cathedral in Christendom *if his expedition reached shore.*

On December 31st, 1229—a still-remembered, still-cherished date on the Island of Majorca—Jaime entered Palma victoriously, taking up the long reign which ended only with his death. Grateful to the Virgin, he set out to keep his vow. The oldest portion of the Cathedral was finished in 1269. Restorations and reforms have continued to this day.

Santiago Rusiñol, *painter and poet who immortalized Majorca in his book L'Illa de la Calma wrote:* "If you suffer from neurasthenia or if you imagine that you suffer, which is the same as suffering; if you are tormented by the noise that civilization has brought upon us, for this craze to move quickly; if business has filled with cyphers the place which we call intelligence; and if you wish to enjoy repose which you deserve in this life, follow me to an island where calm always reigns, where men never hurry, where the women never grow old, where the sun tarries longer and where even Milady Moon walks more slowly, contaged with laziness. *This island is Majorca.*"

In the Mediterranean, 50 mins. by air from Barcelona, rises the Island of Majorca—fair, fertile, and fashionable. Pan American's Monday departures from New York aboard giant Super-6 Clippers* offer the only direct one-carrier service to Barcelona. As little as $2 a day affords you clean, comfortable accommodations *with meals* on "The Island of Calm."

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troubadours. At night there are also floating fire-eaters who spit jets of flame across the black water, and a few times each week the showboat floats inshore, an old banana barge manned by a cast of native singers and dancers.

The Casa Blanca and the Montego Beach Hotels have organized exchange meals and there will be dinners with swordfish and ackee—an orange-colored vegetable with a black pit; land crab in season; wild pigeon; for dessert, perhaps a mango melba. A piece of star apple and orange becomes a local temptation called "matrimony," and a water ice made from those fruits is, to be sure, frozen matrimony.

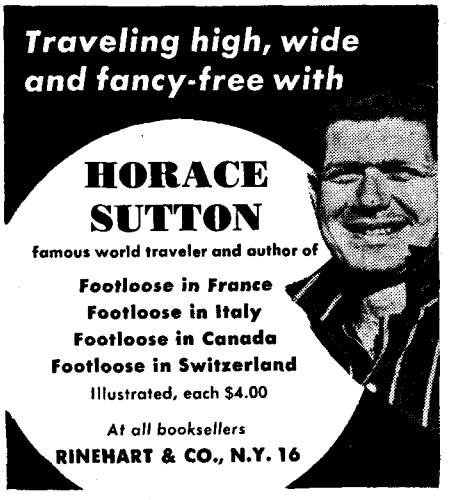
It is a mile or so into the town of Montego Bay, a distance that can be covered in the carriage of Leonard Hart which bears a legend on the back: Drive to Town—Walk No More. Mr. Hart's wagon is rather elegantly paved inside with linoleum, freshly swabbed, there is a rack for magazines in case the traveler becomes bored by the cascading bougainevillea, and there is a pleasant bell of the kind trolley cars used to carry. All these are agreeable accoutrements and my only quarrel with Mr. Hart is his price, which is $2.80 an hour, and his reckoning of time, which, like daylight saving, is generally an hour ahead. This propensity has doubtless been designed to compensate for the niggardly ways of his clientele. "Pee-pul they don' spen' large," says Mr. Hart.

Sixty-five miles away along the rim of the Caribbean, an entire new Jamaica beach-head was established when the Tower Isle was built in the Ocho Rios area in 1949. It is a long sleek building right on the sea with a balcony for every room, a capacity for nearly two hundred guests, an open-air nightclub on its fourth floor. A broad sand beach and the seaside terraces look out on a tiny island with a replica of an old Spanish tower. There is a broad patio where you may lunch in your suit, a large pool for those who prefer captive water, and a fleet of sailboats and a cruiser for those who would rather be on it than in it. Single rooms this summer will start at $12 a day, American plan, a little higher if you want to look out at the sea.

One of the liveliest of the new hotels in the area is Stuart Sharpe's Silver Seas, which is three miles from the Tower Isle, 200 yards from the Ocho Rios Market, and about the same distance from Runaway Bay where the last Spaniards departed in haste after a conclusive skirmish with the English in 1660. Mr. Sharpe will have his orchestra playing this summer in a seaside cave where he expects they will be sufficiently cloistered from those who would prefer to sleep. He also keeps on hand a weird collection of tropical fish, some of whom like to be petted, and other grandstand players who roll on their back and spit water; an ominous toothless shark; fascinating displays of local produce; and one of the best calypso aggregations on the island.

As for Sharpe's fruit, it includes sapodilla, which looks like a potato but is soft as a sponge; ackee, previously discussed; soursop, which is a green prickly affair; yams that grow like ham hocks; breadfruit; papaya, called paw paw hereabouts; pumpkins which are green; plantains or large bananas, served boiled or fried; shaddock, a lop-sided grapefruit that is yellow on the outside, sweet and pink inside; cho-cho, or small squash; and all this laced with long beige strands of coconut blossoms.

As for Sharpe's entertainment, it includes Lord Composer, real name Roy Muddle, who indeed composes and sings on the spot; Leonard Hardware from Runaway Bay, who in non-musical hours is a lifeguard; shoeless Levi, who tap dances with bottle caps stuck between his toes; and Fire, a bar-waiter who habitually affects a monocle and spats. This aggregation dances, sings, and makes music with



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a rumba box fitted with four springs, clavers, marocas, a guitar, and a former vegetable scraper. Lord Composer's favorite composition:

Then gots some glammer gal in this town
I tell you boy that them really soun'
Them got a way to dress up in style
Then they mad a man all the while
That's the kind of gal them call a glammer gal
Them got one style them call downsweep
One too much them call upsweep
Them place a black spot beside them nose
That one them call the beauty pose

JAMAICA's best excursion is the river rafting trip on the Rio Grande, which can be arranged from any of the hotels in the Ocho Rios area, from Kingston, or from Errol Flynn's Titchfield Hotel, ten minutes from the rafting site. Mr. Flynn, who is used to living dangerously, also has a hand in the rafting business, which involves an armada of narrow bamboo rafts each with an elevated seat for two. Each raft is under the command of an individual captain all of whom belong to the Rio Grande River Pilots' Association. Locomotion is provided by the captain, who uses a long pole, a system which requires two hours for negotiating two and a half miles of the shallow stream, which winds under drooping tropical trees, past blue herons, between rock channels, and over a succession of rapids. You can stop en route for a picnic lunch, for a swim, to watch the native ladies at their laundry along the shore, or to be serenaded by naked boys with flutes who play a few scales, collect a few coins, then scamper downstream and hit you with the same routine again.

Port Antonio is a handy drive to Kingston, whence Avianca zooms directly to New York, a number of other lines fly on to Miami and Nassau. No one ever leaves Kingston without a stop at the Myrtlebank, one of the world's famous old hotels. It is built like a big ring with a great expanse of lawn in the middle. When I dropped in for lunch the other day men in white suits were sipping rum at the outdoor bar, hulking white ships were slipping past the dock, and the Jamaica Military Band dressed in red and white Zouave costumes was thumping away under a shade tree on the greensward. One was compelled to cast a glance around to see if Somerset Maugham wasn't sitting in some quiet corner taking notes.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Fiction

(*Continued from page 16*)

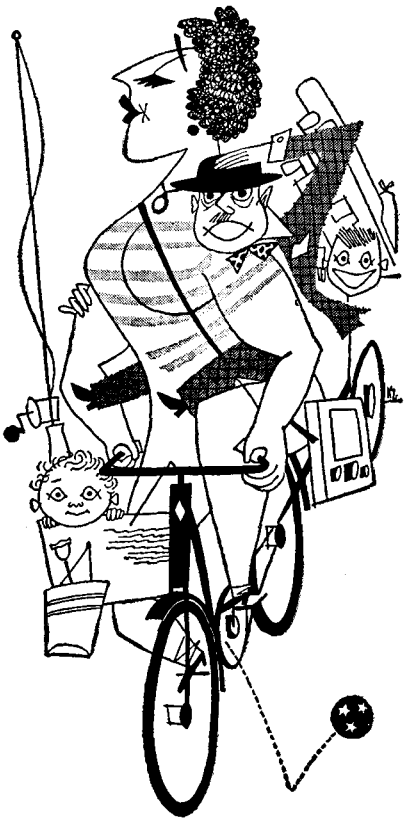
by the way of literature itself, I should break through into the real world . . ."

With equal self-consciousness, after the introduction of Professor Grosbeake (who is almost unique among the characters in being able to simulate human speech, possibly because his prototype talked so brilliantly), the narrator announces helpfully: "For if Hugo Bamman and his father were the modern type of saints, Grosbeake was a modern type of sage . . ."

But if "I Thought of Daisy" suffers from an uncertainty of conception and unevenness of tone (as does "Hecate County," with its odd juxtaposition of straightforward satire and the naturalism of Zola and the Goncourts), it has good things that look forward to the later books: even the Philoctetes of "The Wound and the Bow" makes a brief appearance. The author was no doubt right in deciding not to tamper with his text; but one regrets that no copy-editor tampered with "Arthur Henry Clough" (p. 59) or "The Starry Firmament on High" (p. 165), lapses which are matched by the casualness of the proofreading. [Farrar, Straus & Young. 232 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Ballantine Books. 216 pp. Paperbound, 35¢.]

Notes

MAN AMID MACHINES: For his second novel, **"Bamboo"** (Knopf, $3), Robert O. Bowen has selected an important theme: modern man in his attempt to find a spiritual home rejects both God and man, with the result that he seeks refuge in routine, machinery, and violence. From the moment Shanghai, the rootless Chinaside sailor of the pre-war destroyer fleet Mr. Bowen has created to illustrate it, sets foot on the muelle in Manila for his thirty-day shipping-over leave, human needs and appetites come in conflict with the lone man's power to control them. Unlike Mac, the derelict who has gone "bamboo"—completely Asiatic, subhuman, the relic of past violence—Shanghai cuts off short a leave that would turn him to another Mac and rejoins his ship, deserting his Pigeon and perfectly arranged shack-up. Shanghai deserts her because she is a woman and human and makes demands he cannot accept or satisfy. What he does is to fling a final debauch with his shipmates the Wop and Heavy Schuler, during which Heavy beats up an old friend who



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turns out to be a homosexual and then meets a violent death, while Shanghai and the Wop brawl with some offensively imperialistic Japanese. And then Shanghai goes back to the *Solomon* and takes a shower.

Mr. Bowen is obviously conscious of the difficulty and delicacy of his task and has tried to find a style and a system of symbols to compensate for the frightening hollowness of his hero. It cannot be said that he succeeds in either effort with total effectiveness; the diction is often florid with compounded, neologistic expressions.

Yet the book has a somber power. The violence latent in the early pages emerges gradually as the human and sympathetic elements disappear; we come to see and feel the terror of the unfamiliar and the subtle as it drives Shanghai from bar to bar, from excess to excess, and finally from the real world to the unreal, machined, utterly stripped and mindless routine of the *Solomon*'s engine room, where the men devote their own human lives to the metal life of the ship.

—Louis O. Coxe.

SLUT'S PROGRESS: Lilly was a pale girl with taffy-colored hair, soft brown eyes, and a genius for lying. "She was not fastidious. She was not vicious. She was no particular good and she had an inordinate desire for *things*." From this apparently meagre material Ethel Wilson has created **"Lilly's Story"** (Harper, $2.75).

Lilly's story is that of a woman whose iron determination remade not only her present self, but also her past. With the birth of her illegitimate child the planless existence of a slut (as the author accurately labels Lilly) is transformed into a battle to give her daughter respectability. The campaign is conducted shrewdly, ruthlessly, and with surprising results. In less skilful hands an account of it might make a harsh or sentimental novel, but Mrs. Wilson escapes both traps by writing with a light, dry humor, and meticulous detachment. No whiff of the soap opera rises from her pages. Lilly may deceive everyone in the book, but she does not fool the author. She is not writing about a Noble Woman or even about a charming one. Lilly is without humor, "without poetry or ecstasy or anguish, with little divination in human relations." As the story proceeds even her prettiness fades into a dowdy middle-age. She sounds a dreary heroine but instead she is extremely likable and the contrast between her raffish history and puritan role is constantly beguiling. It is more than beguiling; it is also very moving.—Constance Morgan.

New Fiction

Described below are just published books which we cannot review in this issue because of lack of space. In many cases more extended notice will be given in early numbers.

THE BIG RANGE. By Jack Schaefer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Some short stories on the West by one of its more proficient admirers, the author of the book on whch the current motion picture "Shane" was based.

THE CHIEFTAN. By Robert Payne. New York: Prentice Hall. $3.50. A new novel—this time about an Indian chief and the U.S. Army in 1873—by Mr. Payne, who is so prolific (fiction, biography, history, etc.) he may well outdistance Lope DaVega before he is done.

DOM CASMURRO. By Machado de Assis. Translated by Helen Caldwell. New York: The Noonday Press. $3.50. Another novel by the nineteenth-century Brazilian writer whose "Epitaph of a Small Winner" was published last year. The narrator, an old man, tells the story of his youth, his love for a childhood sweetheart, and his mother's efforts to make him a priest.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE. By Noel B. Gerson. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An historical novel about the Mexican War, which revolves around the doings of one Jonathan Wyatt, Texan, ranger, secret agent, scout, and lover. Such old authentics as Winfield Scott and Robert E. Lee appear now and then, too.

HONEY ON THE HILL. By Selig J. Seligmann. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. The doings of a five, or rather ten-percenter in Washington who paves the way for some big government orders that will reopen a big machine tools plant and so feather his bed forever. A Congressional Committee gets there first, however.

MR. NICHOLAS. By Thomas Hinde. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A first novel by a twenty-five-year-old English writer that is set in contemporary London, and involves the comings and goings of an upper-middle classer named Mr. Nicholas, who is a blustering, boorish egotist.

THE NAKED HEART. By John Lee Weldon. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The naked heart in this novel belongs to a young Southerner, Christy Livingston, who watches his father burn to death in a furnace, his mother die of cancer, his sweetheart kill herself, while each in turn tries to convert him to God. In the end he makes his decision by crucifying himself in a hogpen.

NOTHING IN LIFE IS FREE. By Della Gould Emmons. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press. $2.95. A novel based on fact about the first settlers in the Washington Territory one hundred years ago.

SPRING IN THE AIR. By Nancy Paschal. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50. Set in a small Texas city, this novel recounts the growing up of Sudie Emerson, who has just returned from college, and who wants a career in landscape architecture. Her old-fashioned grandfather-guardian disagrees, but Sudie wins out.

THIS FEARFUL PARADISE. By Maysie Greig. New York: Random House. $2.50. Dark doings down in pink-and-blue Bermuda that involve an accidental (?) death, the underwater sightseeing business, a jewel theft, and a smuggling ring.

THE WHISPERING PINE. By Sara Ware Bassett. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. A novel about a sheltered girl named Carla—she is the ward of three maiden aunts and an uncle—who buys a house of her own near Boston, breathes her own brand of air for a change, meets some new and different people, and in the end, quite naturally, gets hitched to the young fellow next door.

—W.B.

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KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Folder.

DECORATION DAY AT SEVEN HILLS: Musical audience-participation program, all sports in season, Continental cuisine, pleasing accommodations. Informal, adult. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox 5, Massachusetts.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL is just across the road from AVALOCH, a country inn at Lenox, Massachusetts. Write AVALOCH, Dept. B, Lenox, Massachusetts for illustrated folder. Telephone Lenox 41.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 999

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

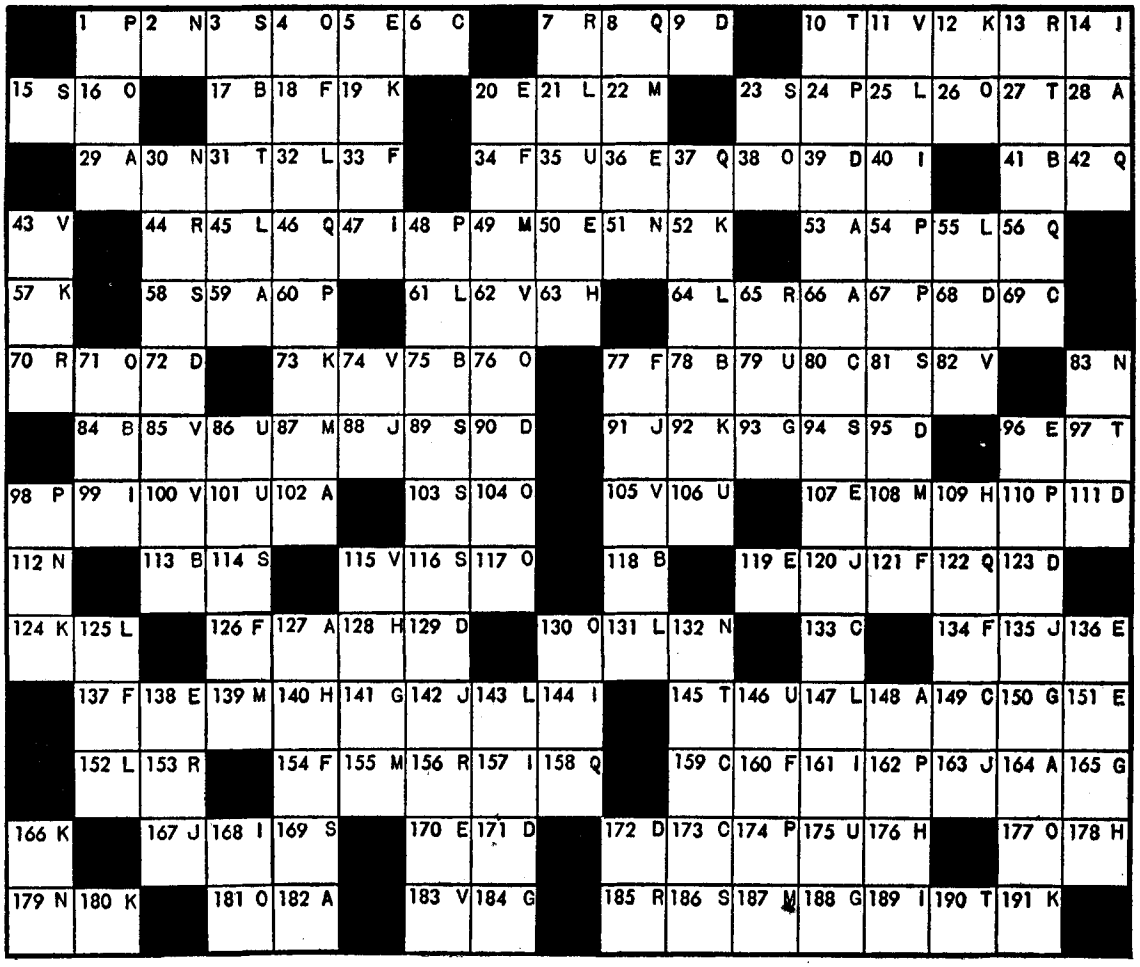
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hungarian artist, leader of the "New Bauhaus" (1895-1946).	164 127 59 182 53 29 66 148 102 28
B. Arab commander chosen to succeed the Mahdi, 1885.	78 41 118 84 113 17 75
C. Spanish valet, one of Victor Hugo's heroes.	80 149 69 159 6 133 173
D. Ledger line (or space) in music notation (2 wds.).	172 90 9 111 39 129 123 72 68 171 / 95
E. An eastern quarter of London, now largely Jewish.	136 170 50 36 151 107 20 138 119 5 / 96
F. Oriental interpretation of a reduced prestige (3 wds.).	154 18 33 77 34 126 134 121 137 160
G. Controversial points in a party platform.	165 141 150 93 184 188
H. Jocose word for one's head or brain.	178 128 63 176 109 140
I. Monstrous variety of a Chinese flowering shrub, featuring leaves for petals (2 wds.).	99 14 189 157 161 47 168 144 40
J. Clandestine action.	142 167 135 163 120 88 91
K. Name given by early chroniclers to London, as founded by Brute.	191 19 124 180 52 92 12 57 166 73
L. Othello's "first gift" to Desdemona.	152 61 131 45 55 25 32 147 64 21 / 143 125

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Range within which the unaided voice may be heard.	187 108 139 22 87 155 49
N. Locality in California whence comes Torrey pine.	2 51 179 30 132 83 112
O. Division of dentistry dealing with irregularity of the teeth.	71 117 76 4 177 16 104 26 181 38 / 130
P. Privilege of a pedestrian in New York which is forbidden in Los Angeles.	162 1 60 24 48 110 174 54 98 67
Q. The grain of a valuable cereal grass.	46 8 122 37 56 42 158
R. Lifted from beneath.	65 185 7 153 44 156 13 70
S. Source of Champollion's first clew to solving hieroglyphics (2 wds.).	186 116 94 89 81 23 3 58 103 169 / 114 15
T. Biblical figure whom Ahab killed at the instigation of Jezebel, in order to take over his vineyard.	190 31 145 97 27 10
U. Colorful 19th-century Empress in Europe (1826-1920), granddaughter of a Scotsman by birth and American by residence.	146 35 86 175 101 79 106
V. Name given to several greatly compressed, elongated marine fishes, because of their shape.	43 85 105 183 11 62 115 100 82 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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Françoise

author and illustrator of

Jeanne-Marie Counts Her Sheep, presents

BIQUETTE

THE WHITE GOAT

The travels of a lively white goat who wore a red coat to keep her from catching cold on the trip — and how she helped the doctor cure a little girl named Mimi. "The distinctive charm of Françoise's picture books derives chiefly from a simplicity . . . a primitive innocent gaiety, as if a child had painted them — if a child could paint so well." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Ages 4-7, $2.00

Coronation Year!

ELIZABETH ENTERS

THE STORY OF A QUEEN

by Lavrin Johnston,
New York Times correspondent

Photographs selected by Richard Johnston, of *Life Magazine*. Britain's young queen emerges from this charming biography — written especially for young people — as a very real person whether she's having fun with her sister or opening Parliament with true queenly grace. Beautiful photographs, book bound in queen's purple with gold stamping. *For girls of all ages, $3.00*

Leonard Weisgard

has written and illustrated in two and four colors

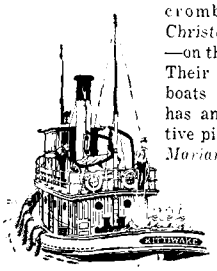
SILLY WILLY NILLY

All about a baby elephant who simply couldn't remember — everything went in one big ear and out the other. Charmingly told and gaily illustrated by the author of *The Clean Pig*. "A picture story small children — and their mothers — are sure to love." — *Chicago Tribune*

Ages 4-7, $2.50

by Nan Hayden Agle and Ellen Wilson

THREE BOYS AND A TUGBOAT



The popular triplets, Abercrombie, Benjamin and Christopher are back again —on the tugboat *Kittiwake*. Their adventures with tugboats and how they work has amusing and informative pictures. *Illustrated by Marian Honigman.*

Ages 5-8, $2.25

New Scribner Books FOR YOUNG READERS

A new sports story by *Marion Renick*

THE HEART FOR BASEBALL

One of our most popular sports story writers tells how Scooter and his friends finally made the Little League by starting a team of their own. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Ages 9-12, $2.25*

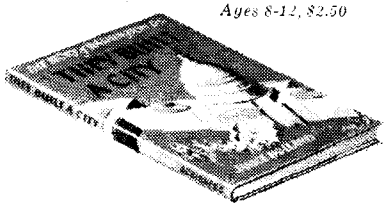
THEY BUILT A CITY

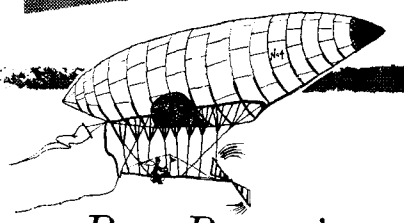
THE STORY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Written and illustrated in color and black and white by Janice Holland

The planning, building and growth of our capitol city, with picture-stories of principal buildings and places and the people concerned with them. "Visitors to our Capitol city, both the young and older, will find this an excellent background for their appreciation of its main features."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Ages 8-12, $2.50





Rose Brown's latest biography

BICYCLE IN THE SKY

The Story of Alberto Santos-Dumont

A stirring biography of the Brazilian airman and his breathtaking adventures in early airplanes and balloons. This true story of an aviation pioneer will appeal to every adventurer from 9 to 14. Illustrated by Ann Sayre Wiseman. $2.50

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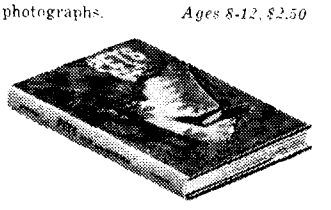
PETS, WILD AND WESTERN

by Elmo N. Stevenson, Ph.D. A coyote puppy, a porcupine, a badger and a prairie falcon were some of the interesting pets kept by the author, and used in his science classes. How they live and how to care for them told in a fascinating collection of stories and photographs. *Ages 8-12, $2.50*



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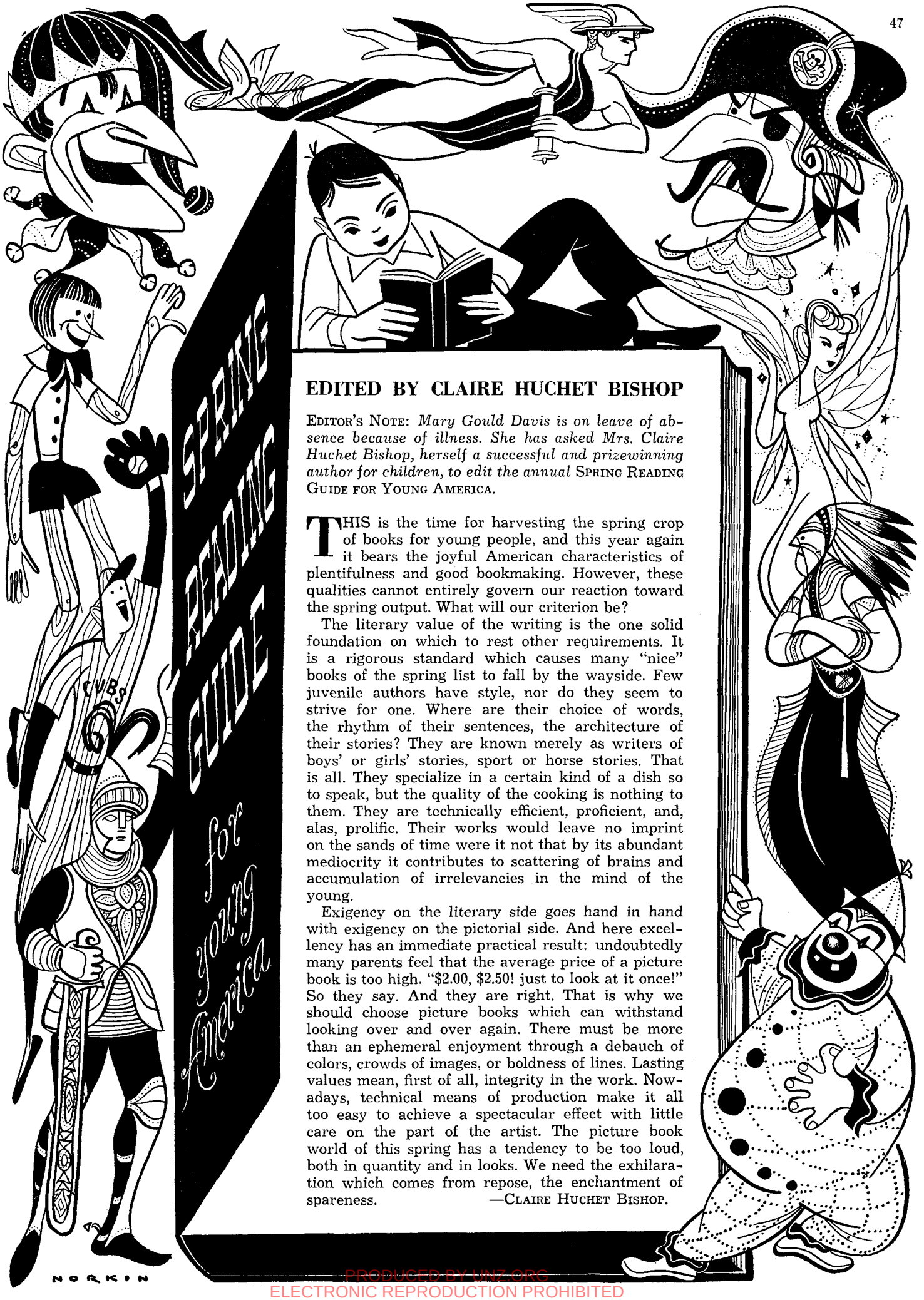

EDITED BY CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Gould Davis is on leave of absence because of illness. She has asked Mrs. Claire Huchet Bishop, herself a successful and prizewinning author for children, to edit the annual* SPRING READING GUIDE FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

THIS is the time for harvesting the spring crop of books for young people, and this year again it bears the joyful American characteristics of plentifulness and good bookmaking. However, these qualities cannot entirely govern our reaction toward the spring output. What will our criterion be?

The literary value of the writing is the one solid foundation on which to rest other requirements. It is a rigorous standard which causes many "nice" books of the spring list to fall by the wayside. Few juvenile authors have style, nor do they seem to strive for one. Where are their choice of words, the rhythm of their sentences, the architecture of their stories? They are known merely as writers of boys' or girls' stories, sport or horse stories. That is all. They specialize in a certain kind of a dish so to speak, but the quality of the cooking is nothing to them. They are technically efficient, proficient, and, alas, prolific. Their works would leave no imprint on the sands of time were it not that by its abundant mediocrity it contributes to scattering of brains and accumulation of irrelevancies in the mind of the young.

Exigency on the literary side goes hand in hand with exigency on the pictorial side. And here excellency has an immediate practical result: undoubtedly many parents feel that the average price of a picture book is too high. "$2.00, $2.50! just to look at it once!" So they say. And they are right. That is why we should choose picture books which can withstand looking over and over again. There must be more than an ephemeral enjoyment through a debauch of colors, crowds of images, or boldness of lines. Lasting values mean, first of all, integrity in the work. Nowadays, technical means of production make it all too easy to achieve a spectacular effect with little care on the part of the artist. The picture book world of this spring has a tendency to be too loud, both in quantity and in looks. We need the exhilaration which comes from repose, the enchantment of spareness. —CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

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Picture Books

A HERO BY MISTAKE. By Anita Brenner. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. New York: William R. Scott. 44 *pp.* $2.

He was an adult Indian, and he was afraid, the kind of fear familiar to almost every child: echoes, darkness, loud noises, etc. Then he became brave in spite of himself. He did not mean it, it was all a mistake, but people did not know it and they admired him greatly, so he kept on acting brave and "somehow or other that made him feel so."

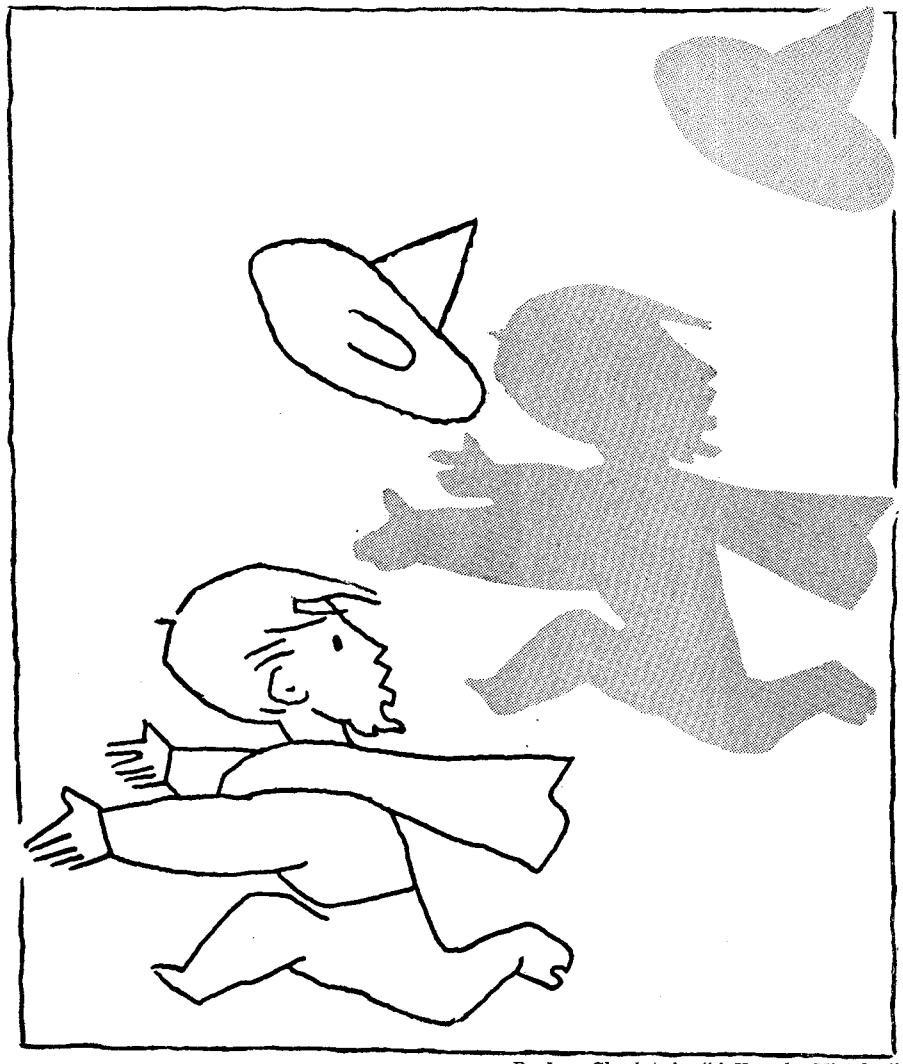
The scene is Mexico. The story is a work of art achieved with a beautiful economy of means, an unerring sense of rhythm. It has a folktale quality of the best sort and a universal character.

Charlot has contributed drawings enchanting in their originality, simple characterization, and artistic imagination.

Because it is so fine a book we feel we should raise the question of the title. The jacket and the cover read: *"A hero by mistake. The story of a frightened Indian."* This is better than the title page, which omits the explanation. Nevertheless, is not *"A Hero by Mistake"* a somewhat difficult title to grasp for a picture book?

But beyond the title there is neither time nor age limit to the enjoyment of this twofold artistic achievement.

—Claire Huchet Bishop.



—By Jean Charlot, for "A Hero by Mistake."

MADELINE'S RESCUE. Story and pictures by Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 56 *pp.* $3.

In Paris, Madeline is at it again. This time with eleven other little girls, Miss Clavel . . . and a stray dog who is pronounced undesirable by the Board of Trustees of the school.

What happens then takes us all over Paris through pictures by someone who knows how to evoke the charm of the place, without any sentimentality and with a subtle humor which has occasional sharp edges no one can possibly mind because of the irresistible talent of the painter.

This is not only an amusing story, but a trip to Paris, for adults as well as children. And you will want to take it over and over again. What a break at that price!

ON A SUMMER DAY. By Lois Lenski. New York: Oxford University Press. No pagination. $1.25.

Here is the fourth companion to Lois Lenski's season books: simple rhymes of four lines and a picture, covering all summer activities of little children. Here again is a winning, tender little book, in keeping with the author-artist's talent.

BOBBY'S HAPPY DAY. By Alf Evers. Illustrated by Marjorie Cooper. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. No pagination. $2.50.

Some people may find this quiet book somewhat oldfashioned or conventional, both in text and illustration. The happy day is not spectacular, not even exciting, and certainly not original. It is just typical of American childhood anywhere in a small town. But both author and illustrator have known precisely how to convey the charm of its very uneventfulness, its soothing security, and homey simplicity.

All five-year-olds will take it up over and over again, and it might serve well to show children of other lands the real American average way of life.

THE MAGIC CANE. By Elizabeth Webster. Illustrated by Maurice Brévannes. New York: Aladdin Books. No pagination. $1.75.

The old sea captain had brought back many walking sticks from his numerous journeys, but he liked best the cane from China. It was a magic cane. When he lost it, what happened?

Well, the trouble with that story is that not much happens. The cane "thinks it over." This is the case of an amusing idea which should have been worked out with much more care before being set down in print.

Fortunately, all can enjoy Maurice Brévannes's drawings which have a breezy New England coast feeling.

THE JOURNEY OF JOSIAH TALLTATTERS. Story by Josephine Balfour Payne. Pictures by Joan Balfour Payne. New York: Ariel Books. 54 *pp.* $2.75.

In 1800 the Reverend Josiah Talltatters and his nephew Jeremiah set out on a horse, going from Philadelphia to Natchez, Mississippi. The Reverend is poor, kind, carefree, and untrammeled by efficiency. It makes for a trip full of fantasy and unexpected

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THE EDITOR—For ten years Director of the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation for Children's Literature, Helen Hoke is also the author of 29 books for children, seven of them Junior Literary Guild selections. The REAL BOOKS Series is one of her outstanding achievements.

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Boys' Clubs of America Creates Special New Award for "REAL BOOKS"

Proof of the pudding—the annual Boys' Clubs of America reading program reports brought up *Real Books* again and again on the *boys' own opinion sheets* as their favorite series. So the Boys' Clubs created a special new certificate for the first time to be awarded a *series*. *Real Books* have won strong support from educators, librarians, booksellers, and—most important—the young readers themselves.

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GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

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Tales of the Cheyennes

by

Grace Jackson Penney

illustrations by

Richard West

ages 10-14 $2.25

Here is Coyote, stealing the corn he is meant to be guarding . . . and the little mouse, whose cleverness saves the whole camp from starvation.

Authentic legends of the Cheyenne Indians, passed on for generations since they were first told around the campfire, before the white man set foot in the New World.

published by

Houghton Mifflin

events in which little Jeremiah, who plays the violin, shares fully as his uncle's partner. On the way, folklore fashion, they acquire several objects and animals, and they too, become partners in the trip, and all contribute to a happy ending of the adventure.

Against a very American background, this is a story with a universal character. There is a tongue-in-cheek humor in the drawings. All in all, a refreshing creation which can well please all the young in heart.

WILLIE GOES TO SCHOOL. Story and pictures by Pauline Vinson. New York: The Macmillian Co. No pagination. $2.

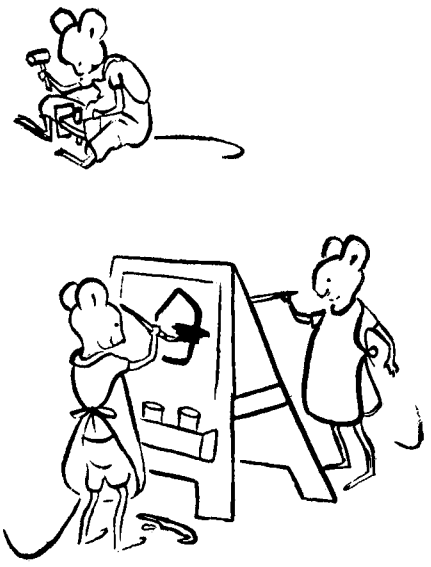
Willie is a mouse and this is an account of his first day in school. It resembles exactly a five-year-old boy's day. Therein lies the charm: it is a child's day happening to a mouse. Willie and his playmates are drawn lightly, in a sort of unpretentious and very real manner which goes to the heart of anyone looking at them. A feat has been accomplished, both in the writing and the pictures: this is a mouse and yet it is a little boy, who can so well recognize himself. A picture book to look at over and over.

Stories for Younger Boys and Girls

ALL ALONE. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. New York: Viking Press. 95 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of two French boys from the village of Monestier in the valley below the pastures of the high French Alps of Savoie has come to stay. It is a dramatic tale of boys growing up, meeting danger, taking responsibility, and how what happened to ten-year-old men changed the way of life of an ancient village.

The story runs like a play in three acts, and for the play Feodor Rojankowsky has painted wonderful sets. We see vividly the old farm and the balconied house from which Marcel sets out with the three heifers for Little Giant pasture. There the beasts are to be fattened, and the family fortune made. Every week someone will bring his rations. He sets out alone. Papa's parting injunctions: ". . . don't talk to anyone—to anyone, do you hear me? And you have nothing to do with other cows but your own. That brings trouble. Don't visit, keep to yourself, mind your own business. That's the best way to stay out of



—Illustrated by Pauline Vinson for "Willie Goes to School."

mischief." Marcel sighed. And Papa told him not to sigh, for had not Papa even before he was ten gone into the same mountains with cows, and his grandfather before him? Always boys and their cows. All alone in the mountains. So, too, Pierre, a neighbor's son, and *his* beasts, up another trail to the Big Giant pasture. One can smell the mountain air! How green the grass and how high the mountain peaks!

One day Pierre's heifers go astray and Marcel finds them. "Have nothing to do with any cows but your own," Papa had said. But Marcel drives all the heifers down to the watering place. The boys and their cows are together when the wild rains and lightning come, and a terrible landslide hems them in. Together, not alone. But, as in mystery stories, so in this drama, let the readers find the plot themselves, only knowing beforehand that there is a universal lesson, a happy end, and a tale so quietly and artfully written that it will stay in young hearts. —ERNESTINE EVANS.

JUST LIKE NANCY. By Marian Cumming. Illustrated by Edward Sweet. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 174 *pp.* $2.50.

Those who read "All About Margery" will want to know more about her little sister. But you can well start with "Just Like Nancy." The book's heroine is a very real and happy little girl, almost seven, who lives in a Texan town. She had often wished she might be like her more imaginative older sister, Margery. By the time the story closes Nancy, the practical, dependable one, has had so many exciting experiences—and also her share of recognition—that she is happy to be "just Nancy."

This warm-hearted story stands out

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Six days a week . . . just a neighborhood kid. But on Saturday nights, a polished performer. Watch these every-day youngsters from your own street as they take their first steps to fame . . . singing, dancing, entertaining. A Saturday night delight you'll remember all week.

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for its fine characterization of the two sisters against an early twentieth-century background indicated with subtle touches and details. The line drawings also convey the charm of life at the beginning of our century.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

ELIZABETH ENTERS: The Story of a Queen. By Laurie Johnston. Photographs selected by Richard W. Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 185 *pp.* $3.

If you open this book with a sense of boredom because, like me, you simply cannot get excited about royalty you are in for a nice surprise. This is a story which reads very well from the time we are introduced to Lilibet as a baby up to her Coronation.

Without ever falling into triviality or sentimentality the authors (connected with *The New York Times* and *Life* magazine) have managed to write vividly, humanly, and in a way which can interest children, girls especially, from eight on. History is thrown in with judicious and very light touches, just enough to provide a sound background.

Of course, Elizabeth is a little too good to be thrilling. Maybe the picture has to be that way for diplomatic reasons, or maybe she *is* like that. At any rate, in the book, just as in life probably, her sister, Margaret, provides the sparkling and unpredictable side of the picture.

All in all this book gives a delightful insight into what it means nowadays for a child and a young girl to be Heir to the throne of England.

—*Illustrated by Kurt Wiese for "Amos."*

AMOS: THE BEAGLE WITH A PLAN. By John Parke. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Pantheon Books. 157 *pp.* $2.50.

Amos's love for chasing rabbits leads to his getting stranded from his masters. How he manages to find them again makes for a dog's odyssey full of life, adventure, canine imagination, and feelings.

Rarely has a writer so well succeeded in the difficult feat of personalizing an animal without distorting him into a human being. Amos is very much of a person and at the same time he never stops being a beagle.

Looking at the pictures leaves no doubt that Kurt Wiese did meet Amos. Many boys and girls will be happy to meet him too. —C. H. B.

SHADRACH. By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. New York: Harper & Bros. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

Inspired by the author's own childhood in the Netherlands, this tale of Davie and his black rabbit, Shadrach, arises directly from a child's experience and emotion. Readers feel with Davie the longing for Shadrach's arrival, the joy and worry caused by his presence. Davie himself is an imaginative little boy with understanding and lovable parents who live in a real Dutch village of today. The beautifully written prose gives the story dimensions and resonances akin to those in the classics treasured from

BOOKS BY *Macmillan* for YOUNG READERS

Spring, 1953

WILLIE GOES TO SCHOOL

By Pauline Vinson *Illustrated by the author.* This is the story of a mouse's thrilling first day at nursery school.
Ages 3-6 $2.00

AUNT FLORA

By Elizabeth Coatsworth *Illustrated by Manning Lee* A little Scotch girl makes an important decision in North Carolina in 1777.
Ages 8-10 $2.00

STORY OF THE PRESIDENTS

By Maud and Miska Petersham *Illustrated by the authors* Short, intimate biographies of all our presidents from Washington through Eisenhower.
Ages 10-14 $3.00

WHALE MOUNTAIN

By Mavis Garey Moore *Illustrated by John Moore* An exciting story of a bully in a southern town who becomes a hero.
Ages 8-12 $2.75

CAMPING LIKE CRAZY

By T. Morris Longstreth *Illustrated by Heman Fay, Jr.* The hilarious activities at Camp Chesunquoik which has a real elephant as a mascot. *Ages 8-12* $2.75

TREES AND TRAILS

By Clarence J. Hylander *Illustrated by the author* A readable plant geography of tree communities from coast to coast and border to border. *Ages 12-16* $3.00

KEY LOG

By Clem Philbrook A spoiled boy learns the hard way and wins respect in a logging camp.
Ages 10-14 $2.75

At all bookstores

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generation to generation. Illustrations in black-and-white have the same quality in this enchanting book, which adults will enjoy as much as their children. —B. W. S.

THE WOODEN LOCKET. By Alison Lide and Margaret Alison Johansen. Illustrated by Corydon Bell. New York: Viking Press. 127 *pp.* $2.50.

A displaced family from Poland makes its home in Alabama. The two children, Tilka and Jan, have to face the problem of adjustment to new ways of life. On the other hand, the American community has to face the problem of understanding foreigners.

This is a well-written story, with a poetical feeling for nature in Alabama. The plot is skilfully built around a wooden locket which has a secret. Until the very end it is impossible to guess what this secret is, and meanwhile the reader is introduced, unaware, to one of the greatest problems of our day: the displaced person.

Children from eight years on will find this story very absorbing.

AN OTTER'S STORY. By Emil E. Liers. Illustrated by Tony Palazzo. New York: Viking Press. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

A book of scientific observations which turns out to be as entertaining as straight fiction. Mr. Liers is a naturalist, and when he was in Michigan and Wisconsin he had direct and intimate knowledge of the very otters he writes about, Ottiga and Beauty. But accurate scientific observations are not enough; what is remarkable is that the author knows how to weave them into such a dramatic and tender story. Authenticity and beauty are ever present as we follow breathlessly the life cycle of the two otters.

Tony Palazzo's beautiful drawings are in keeping with the text and so is the fine bookmaking of this outstanding volume.

THE LUCKY CAT. By Frances and Richard Lockridge. With illustrations by Zhenya Gay. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 89 *pp.* $2.25.

The Lockridges have a way of giving a Siamese cat personality and character. Flutters, the heroine of this delightful tale, is quite different from Diana, the heroine of "The Proud Cat." Flutters is only a kitten. She longs for adventure, so when the maid leaves the door of the apartment partly open for the grocer's boy Flutters starts out on her first sojourn in the city streets and back yards. She meets some rather rude dogs and is—at first—frightened and lonely. But

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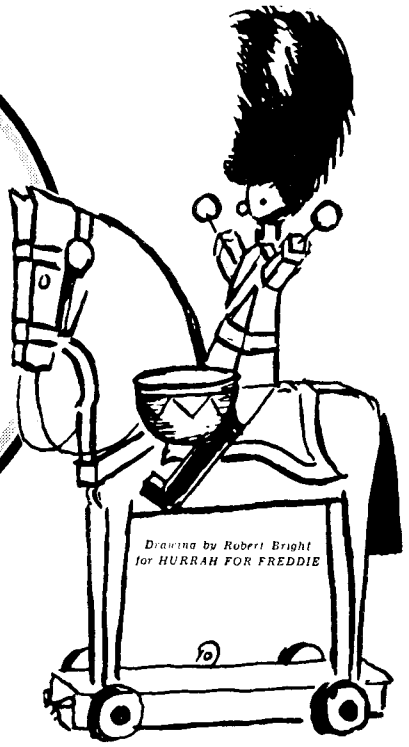

Peter's Long Walk

By LEE KINGMAN. Illustrated by BARBARA COONEY. The captivating story of a little country boy, just five years old, who wanted playmates more than anything else. His runaway adventures are fun for beginning readers or for reading aloud.
Ages 5-8, $2.50

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By DOROTHY STERLING. Illustrated with more than 150 photographs by MYRON EHRENBERG. A fascinating, up-to-the-minute trip behind the scenes of the U. N. headquarters. *Foreword by B. Cohen,* Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations for Public Information.
All ages, $2.50

Tessie's Caravan

Written and illustrated by PRISCILLA WARNER, author of *Picture Come True.* Tessie thought no sacrifice was too great to own the old caravan which was her playhouse — but then she grew up and knew that family and scholarship were more important. Ages 11-14, $2.50

Captain of the Araby

By HOWARD PEASE. A new Tod Moran best seller by a popular author! Here is mystery and intrigue in San Francisco, aboard ship, in Tahiti—and a violent hurricane which brings about the startling solution. By the author of *The Jinx Ship, Heart of Danger* and others.
High School Ages, $2.75

The Very Little Girl

By PHYLLIS KRASILOVSKY. Illustrated in three colors by NINON. The small fry will love to follow this tiny little girl — smaller than anything in her world — as she grows bigger and bigger on each page . . . until something wonderful happens.
Picture-book age, $1.50

Billy Goes Exploring

By DOROTHY STERLING. Illustrated with photographs by MYRON EHRENBERG. A perfect day — and Explorer Billy discovers the wonders of spring. An easy-to-read picture book by a very talented writer-photographer team. Ages 5-8, $2

Hurrah for Freddie!

Written and illustrated in color by ROBERT BRIGHT with DOROTHY BRETT. What happens when a little boy waits so long on Coronation Day to see the Queen of England pass by —led by Freddie, his toy drummer! By the author of *Richard Brown and the Dragon.*
Up to 7, $2

Promenade All

By HELEN MARKLEY MILLER. Illustrated by DOROTHY BAYLEY MORSE. Pioneer days in the Northwest—a girl finds romance and solves the secret of her Indian blood.
High School Ages, $2.50

Trees
AND THEIR STORY

By DOROTHY STERLING. Illustrated with 90 photographs by MYRON EHRENBERG. Beautiful photographs — to make identification easy; interesting text — to make reading fun. Here is the complete, fascinating story of trees. Ages 8-12, $2.50

The West Is On Your Left Hand

By NANCY FAULKNER, author of *Rebel Drums. Illustrated by JOHN GRETZER.* Separated from the westward-bound Withers party in the 1750's, Tod Withers and his pal Fumfire find adventure among Indians. Ages 10-14, $2.50

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Flutters is a lucky little cat, and the story of her great adventure has a particularly happy ending. Zhenya Gay's drawings of Flutters are very attractive, especially the one where she is standing on the fence looking down at the rude dog.

— MARY GOULD DAVIS.

TAM MORGAN: The Liveliest Girl in Salem. By Ruth Langland Holberg. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Garden City: Doubleday & Co. 224 pp. $2.50.

This is the spirited story of an unconventional and attractive redhead in eighteenth-century Salem, then a shipbuilding center. In spite of her love for wharves and for boyish games and her first dislike for school, sewing, and cooking, Tam, a master-builder's daughter, gradually becomes a real girl. The many adventures through which this happens are told convincingly by one who knows the inside of a little girl's mind. The shipbuilders' busy days, family life of the period, a thrilling visit from General Washington—all described as they affect Tam's life—make a true picture of a historic era. The appealing cover and the black-and-white illustrations by Peter Spier are as lively as the story. —B. W. S.

CORPORAL BESS: The Story of a Boy and a Dog. By Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Manning De V. Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 182 pp. $2.75.

It is seldom that one finds a "boy and his dog" story as good as this. Corporal Bess was an English setter that Durfree Tillotson and his son, Pete, trained for bird hunting. Every phase of that stiff training is shown as the story progresses, but the details never become tiresome or boring. Bess is so endearing, so attractive a heroine that each step in her development becomes important. The Tillotson farm is in a remote region of New York State. Pete and his mother and father have little contact with the outside world. But Walter Edmonds's skill as a writer gives humor and drama to the three members of the Tillotson family and to the beautiful setter, Bess. Near the end of the story there is a scene at the Westminster Dog Show where Bess wins her first blue ribbon. Boys and girls can learn a great deal about the relationship between a boy and a dog as they read the story; but its value lies in the fine delineation of character. It is a book of enduring value. —M. G. D.

JOHNNY TEXAS ON THE SAN ANTONIO ROAD. A story by Carol Hoff, with line illustrations by Earl Sherican. Chicago: Wilcox and Follett Company. 192 pp. $2.95.

This is the author's second book on Johnny Texas. The first one received the Charles W. Follett Award. This time Johnny sets out alone with his dog and his oxen, on a 600-mile journey to deliver a load of corn meal across the Mexican border. This is pioneering time in Texas, around 1830. There are Indians, thieves, wild animals. Johnny meets all the situations with marked resourcefulness and a stubborn courage not lacking in occasional toughness.

There are plenty of suspense and dramatic happenings in this tale of a boy's self-reliance and initiative. The large print and format should add to its attractiveness for the eight- to eleven-year-old.

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By GLENN O. BLOUGH, *U. S. Office of Education.* Illustrated in color by JEANNE BENDICK. "A delightful biography of an oak tree from acorn to lumber . . . recommended."
—*Library Journal.* Ages 6-10. $2.00

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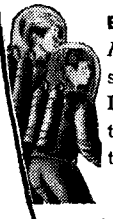

By FRANCES FROST. *Foreword by Robert R. Coles, Hayden Planetarium.* The first space adventure for the 6-to-10-year-olds! David and Jean take the Planetarium's thrilling rocket trip to the moon. Illustrated by PAUL GALDONE. $2.00

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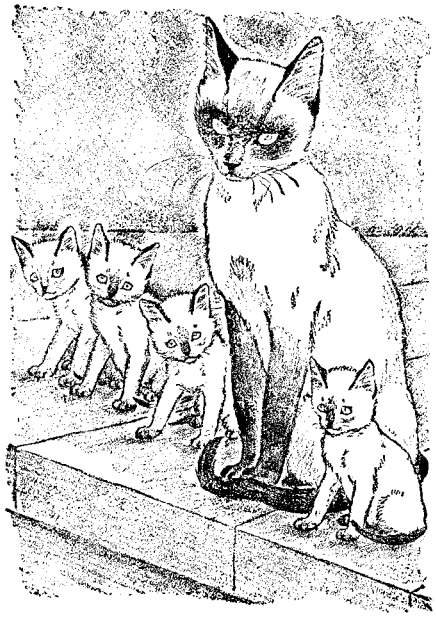


—By Zhenya Gay for "The Lucky Cat."

Stories for Older Boys and Girls

THE SEVEN QUEENS OF ENGLAND. By Geoffrey Trease. New York: Vanguard Press. 254 pp. $2.75.

Maud, Mother of the Plantagenets —Mary, Quite Contrary—The First Elizabeth—Mary: William's consort—Anne: The eighteenth-century Queen —Victoria: The Queen-Empress—Elizabeth II: Her Present Majesty.

Mr. Trease is an Englishman who knows how to write English history for young Americans. Intricacies of reigns are unraveled, and direct, lively pictures of the various periods emerge.

This timely book will make for good reading long after the Coronation, though of course it is particularly interesting to read just at this time.

Though it is almost impossible to remain wholly objective in matters of history, Mr. Trease has managed to give young people a tolerably unbiased basic introduction to the seven Queens. It is vivid enough to further interest and even to promote more extensive study.

COWBOY CHARLIE 4-H CHAMP. By Charles M. Martin. New York: Viking Press. 220 pp. $2.50.

Yippee for a first-rate 4-H book! If you happen to think as I do that U. S. 4-H boys and girls are setting the style for other boys and girls in both Have and Have Not coun-

New Books for Young Readers

WINDY MORNING

By Harry Behn. A new collection of poems by the author-artist of *The Little Hill.* "A joy to the eye as well as the ear."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Line drawings in color. Ages 6 up. $2.00

JONATHAN

By Sally Scott. This tale of a wise and winning cat, and the baby who makes his life difficult, is "funny, easy to read and exactly like a cat."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Halftone drawings by Beth Krush. Ages 6-10. $2.00

JUST LIKE NANCY

By Marian Cumming, author of *All About Marjory.* "Little girls will love this sunny story about two sisters in a friendly Texas town early in the century."—*Chicago Tribune.* Line drawings by Ed Sweet. Ages 8-12. $2.50

FAMILY TROUPE

By Pamela Brown. The ups and downs of a theatrical family as they tour the English provinces in 1857 make a story all girls will enjoy. "A gay, smartly paced tale." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Line drawings by Robert Frankenberg. Ages 10 up. $2.75

WILDERNESS JOURNEY

By William O. Steele. The exciting story of a boy who traveled the Wilderness Trail in 1782. "The many boys who liked *The Buffalo Knife* will find this an even better story."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Line drawings by Paul Galdone. Ages 8-12. $2.50

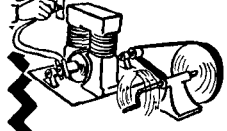
KEEPSAKE RING

By Helen F. Daringer. In this story of a 15-year-old girl solving the mystery of her true parents, Miss Daringer portrays the people of New England and the period of the late 1600's with warmth and reality. Line drawings by Stephani and Edward Godwin. Ages 12 up. $2.50

THE ARK

By Margot Benary-Isbert. A deeply moving story of postwar Germany. "A book that we have all been waiting for . . . an important book, one that should reach many, many young Americans."—*Saturday Review.* Translated by Clara and Richard Winston. Ages 12 up. $2.50

WHAT MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND



By Edward G. Huey. A revised, enlarged edition of this simple introduction to physics which, since its original publication in 1940, has been a standard book in schools and libraries. Line drawings by Elmer Loemker. Ages 10-14. $3.00

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By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE, authors of *The Proud Cat.* The delightful story of Flutters, a Siamese cat, who uses up most of her nine lives when she gets lost in the city. Illustrations by Zhenya Gay. Ages 8-12. $2.25

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Chuck A Story of the Florida Pinelands

By EVELYN ELKINS. A young boy conquers polio through his love and study of wild creatures. "Has the breath of life and its problems and the humor that people found in *The Yearling.*" — *Virginia Kirkus.* Illustrated by John Gretzer. Ages 11-15. $2.75

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tries, it's even possible that adults will enjoy this book as a peep show of the nation's future. The story centers around the 4-H Club in the cattle-raising Palomar Valley. The background is modern American agriculture, the revolutionary changes in the last thirty years implicit, as applied science calls the tune, and everybody in the valley gets into the act of improving crops and animals.

The goings-on of Cowboy Charley and his sister Girl-chip Betty and their father and mother on Circle D Ranch is so well told and moves so fast that a whole technical education in cattle breeding, judging, and marketing is thrown in as you gallop through a story full of horses, steers, bulls, cows. No space ships, buried treasure, or natives biting the dust but work so wonderfully described that it seems like a sports story. Who cares if, at first, the characters seem a bit stereotyped? Big Jack Hawthorne of the Rafter H. Ranch lets Cowboy Charley, aged fourteen, take his pick of Larry Domino's bull calves at forty cents a pound, and Larry Domino was the prize bull. Charley had hazed the bull away when the big critter broke through a fence and caught his owner afoot.

The language in the book for all I know is really the way everybody talks in the cow country, but even if it is laid on a little too thick it's part of the fun and initiation. Mr. Martin pours it out at a pace that keeps you breathless and with a verve that is contagious. Sure the old Western was fun; but this new Western, with its spirited precision about breeds, the judging of points, the transport and market news, the riding and herding, is gripping. The boys and girls—each with a 4-H project with animals or household and garden goals—the victuals, the manners, the byplay with a Pilgrim from the East (used to be called greenhorns once) hold interest fast in another way. The details of showmanship at the fair and the magnificent care Charley gives his bull calf are exciting. Charley slept in Larry Domino's stall and was both valet and nurse, and in the end became a 4-H champ who brought his bull calf to the blue ribbon. Ahead of him lay the beginning of a great herd.

—E. E.

PLENTY OF PIRATES: An Adventure Tale of Barbary Wars. By Elizabeth Meg. Illustrated by Philip Kappel. New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

Based on thorough and sound documentation (there is a three-page bibliography at the end), this unique tale of the U.S. Navy in 1800 comes to life vividly. It tells how after having paid the required tribute to the Algiers Pirates, the *USS George Washington* was compelled by the Dey to go on a mission for him in Turkey, carrying not only the Dey's ambassador and his suite, but also gifts to the Sultan, such as tigers, ostriches, parrots, etc.

The author takes the reader through this colorful and eventful adventure via the personal story of a thirteen-year-old hero, created by her—a lively, enterprising, and plucky lad whose elder brother is prisoner of the Sultan.

Much happens and there is plenty of suspense. Through light touches and humor there is a worthwhile and entertaining insight into the diplomatic procedure of those days.

It all reads easily and is not too long, so that even a younger child can enjoy it. Miss Meg can be congratulated upon having introduced young people to one of the most fantastic episodes in the history of the U.S. Navy, and to have done so with so skilful a pen.

STORIES OF THE SEA. Selected by Phylis R. Fenner. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 178 *pp.* $3.

An excellent selection of hair-raising true sea yarns covering such different adventures as boat afire, pearl-divers' fights with deep sea monsters, encounters with man-eating tribes, hurricanes around the Horn, etc.

Every one of the stories is first rate, bearing the signature of such outstanding sea-lover writers as Floherty, Nordhoff, Sperry, and many others. Even those who know the originals from which the selection is made will enjoy reading these accounts one after another. Boys from twelve on will love it, and girls too who happen to be sea minded.

THE SEA ROBBERS. By Frank Crisp. Illustrated by R. M. Powers. New York: Coward-McCann. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Did not young Queen Elizabeth say to her sister, Margaret: "Every woman loves a sailor"? True enough. Better: some women, like me, also love sea stories. And when, in addition, robbers are thrown in there is, surely, utter bliss! All the more so for boys who read this packful of events book.

The sea robbers are experts. They send to the bottom of the sea, liner after liner in order to steal pearls and gold. It is all unsentimental, and

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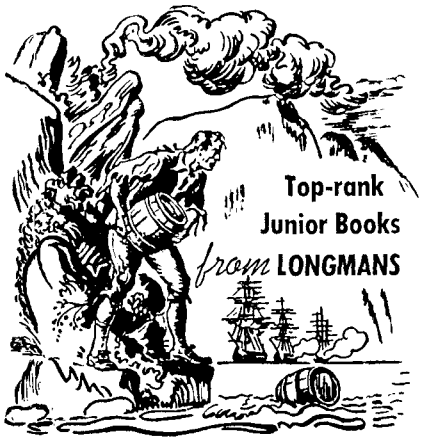

The Flicker's Feather

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By NETA LOHNES FRAZIER, author of *My Love Is a Gypsy.* "A story of real people, full of the everyday detail children love."—*N. Y. State Library. Illustrated by Henrietta J. Moon.* Ages 8-12. $2.75

The World Turned Upside Down

By EMMA L. PATTERSON, author of *Midnight Patriot.* "A delightful love story of a young tenant farmer in the days of the American Revolution."—*Library Journal. Decorations by Millard McGee.* Ages 14 up. $3.00

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at times gory. Until a young, honest, and audacious pearl-diver gets in their way. As this is no amateur sea robbery but a tough merciless game, the young man is over and over in danger of losing his life at their hands.

No sooner is he safe than he is trapped again and the robbers are bent for another murderous boat catch while at the same time they are making ready to get rid of the youngster. The reader goes breathlessly from one harrowing account to another. But what is remarkable is that though it is all spectacular it remains plausible at all times.

There is also a fascinating account of deep-sea diving, and fourteen-year-old boys will feel that the author knows what he is talking about.

SEARCH AND RESCUE AT SEA. By John J. Floherty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.75.

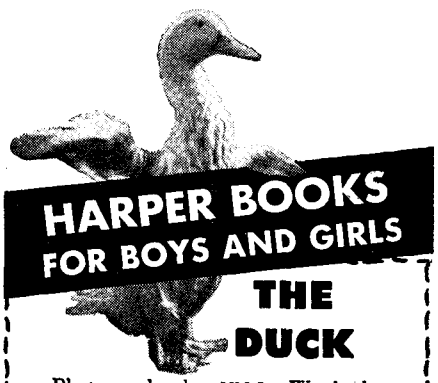
Eight thrilling true stories of rescue at sea, by ship, plane, in the Atlantic, the Arctic, etc., with sixteen photographs.

As in his previous books, Mr. Floherty speaks of what he knows first hand. He was with the Coast Guard and has been a witness to their courage, ability, and fine sense of duty. He is also familiar with the less spectacular but very potent heroism of lighthouse keepers. His stories read better than many a piece of fiction. In our world of comfort, gadgets, and scientific devices, he introduces the young to a few jobs where man can still pit himself against nature, and, in so doing, attain his full stature. Sea-loving boys especially will like this book, but it can be an inspiration to anyone.

THE HANDY BOY'S BOOK. By John Barnard, assisted by many experts. New York: Roy Publishers. 352 *pp.* $3.

There are a lot of things that boys and even girls would like to build, but they lack the know-how. John Barnard and several associates, after describing the tools with which to carry out certain jobs, explain very thoroughly the proper handling of these tools and how to construct, among many other things, a radio, a dog kennel, a model airplane, an electric rouser, or even a penny slot-machine which, by the way, is not what one might think.

If the boy already has a hobby, he will become more proficient at it after reading this volume; if not, he will be able to choose one judiciously. Going through the book one gets the impression that none has been omitted including the collecting of



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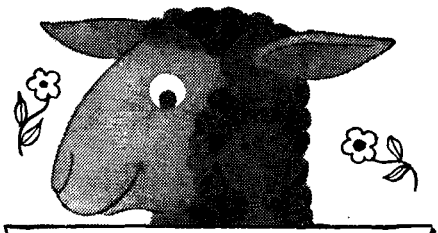

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butterflies and the care of pets. A boy can also learn how to take care of his bicycle and, later on, of his motorcycle. Every chapter, whether dealing with photography or a model steam locomotive, is very clearly written and well illustrated. A real reference book for children from eight to sixteen. —VLADIMIR SPECKTOR.

EXPERIMENTS WITH AIRPLANE INSTRUMENTS. By Nelson Beeler and Franklyn Branley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 115 *pp.* $2.50.

It is a pleasure to see in this book the method adopted for describing the various instruments on the instrument panel of an aircraft.

After outlining some principles common to most of the instruments, the authors proceed from the simplest gauges to the complicated gyros, ending, as it should be, with the automatic pilot. Several experiments, easy to carry out, are described, and model instruments can be built, according to the directions given in the book, without making a dent in the weekly allowance. The clear text is well supported by excellent diagrams. This book should be a must for anyone interested in flying—including adults. —V. S.

BIRDS AND PLANES: How They Fly. By John Lewellen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 134 *pp.* $2.

Satisfactory scientific explanations for the flying of heavier-than-air craft are relatively recent. Here the author, who is also a flyer, places within the layman's reach a few of the complicated notions connected with aircrafts and air flights.

After developing the theory of lift as an application of the theorem of Bernouilli, he shows how planes and birds fly and compares their structure. He illustrates the notions of rudder, propeller, elevator, and their equivalents in birds, showing in particular the functional design of their wings and feathers. A few pioneers in gliding are cited, but the omission of Leonardo da Vinci is regrettable.

One of the most interesting sections in the book deals with weather conditions in flying. Sketches and drawings are very clear. We would recommend the book for boys and girls in the twelve- to fifteen-year age bracket. —V. S.

HERE IS A BOOK. By Marshall McClintock. New York: Vanguard Press. 52 *pp.* $2.50.

"Here are two books" would have been a better title, for Mr. McClintock guides his readers through the technical details of bookmaking. He begins with the moment he got the idea of doing a story about some boys who produce a little typewritten newspaper all by themselves. He follows through all the hitches and halts of putting his idea down on paper, and sent to an editor and accepted, and revised. He tells about the persons in his publisher's office, Jim Henle and Evelyn Shrifte of Vanguard Press, and others, and about paper and papermaking and printing and proofreading and binding and then selling a book. And just as you are a bit bogged down in all this information, lo, Part II, the story of a scoop, in the Foxtown Flash! A snubbed sister who wanted to be a girl reporter brought it in; and furthermore became the Hurok who raised the cash to buy the coveted little printing press.

There are thousands of boys and girls producing home-made papers around the USA, short-lived most of them. This book will bring a further rash of them, for it combines a lot of "how to do" with an engaging story.

TEEN THEATER. By Edwin and Nathalie Gross. New York: Whittlesey House. 245 *pp.* $3.35.

"There is magic in the theatre," says Miss Scoggin in her introduction to this manual of theatre production, written for young play producers to remind them how big a team it takes to make even an amateur performance go. To put on a good show, the director has to boss, and each backstage member of a company must be utterly responsible, on time, and ready for hard work and no star part.

The six royalty free plays by the authors may be useful, but the little one-act plays do not deserve the word "magic," for though they doubtless have dialogue simple enough for young actors, and can be dressed, lighted, and tickets for the plays sold to relatives and friends, none of them carries poetry or enchantment, or dramatization of idea, or even much rough-and-tumble horseplay.

The best children's company this reviewer ever saw was the Italian boys' club at Hull House giving "A Midsummer's Night Dream." The Grosses make me remember.

—E. E.

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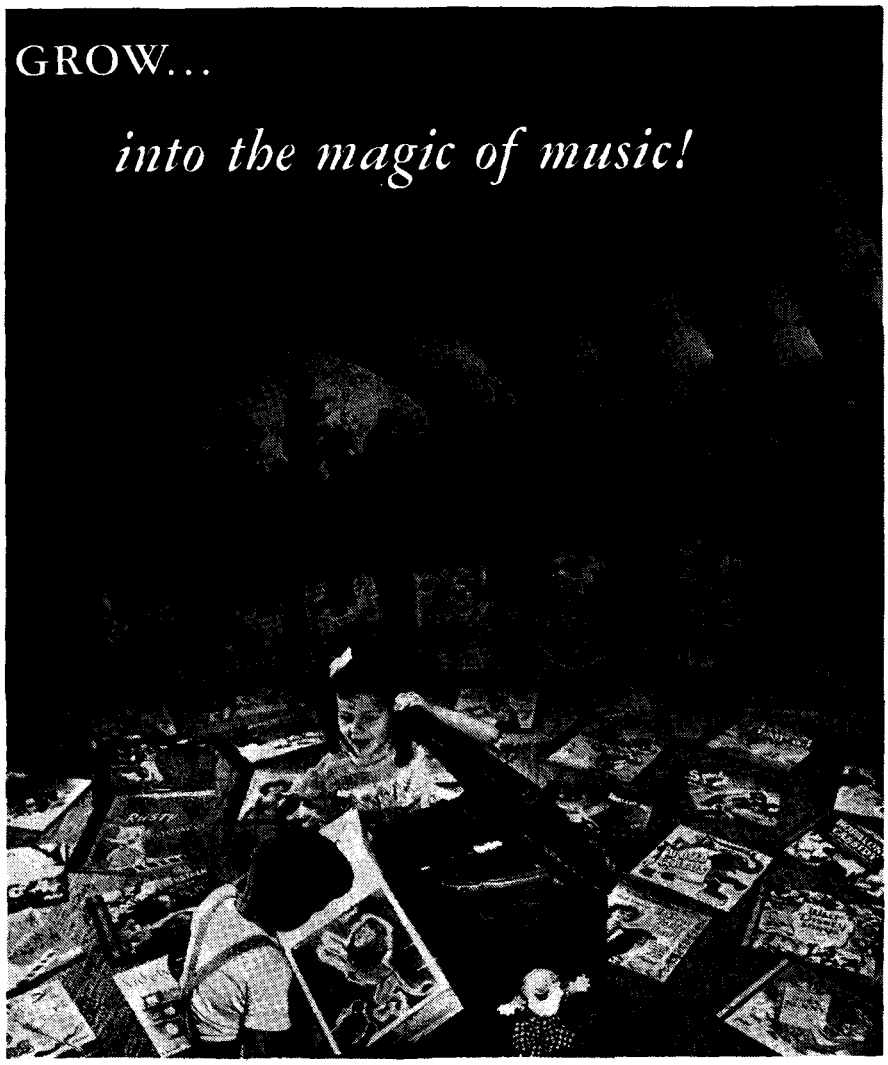
Help your child GROW... *into the magic of music!*



THIS story is about your child, and his love of music.

There are excellent toys made today to teach children coordination, muscular control, judgment, and other requisites of mental and physical development.

How few parents realize, however, that the development of an appreciation of *music* must go through exactly the same stages! And it is an essential background for the acceptance of music lessons, when the time comes for them.

Records offer an excellent device for bringing music into the home. But the kind of music that is recorded for children must be in the idiom of a child's world... otherwise though you may thrust it at him twenty times a day he will reject it... *because it's not fun.*

Young children are interested in picture books. These pictures mean something because the child can see objects and associate them with his surroundings.

Most music at this point consists, to the child, of strange sounds coming out of a box. But link that music to the picture book and it takes on an entirely new significance!

There are "record" picture books, for example – Capitol "Record-Readers"® – with colorful illustrations of Bugs Bunny, Woody Woodpecker and Bozo, the Capitol Clown. The child, seeing the pictures, is immediately intrigued.

Then records, timed to the story books, are played... and those "strange noises" from the box immediately *make sense;* they are associated with something the child can *see* and *understand.*

And thus, for the first time, a child of two, or even younger, can be taught to *enjoy* good music.

Because it is *his* music. And it's fun!

LET THE CHILD PARTICIPATE – In a short time it is easy for the youngest child to enjoy the thrill of *participation* in stories and music. "When Bozo blows his whistle, turn the page!" the record-reader says. After a few clumsy attempts, the child achieves it, in time with the records.

The love of picture books will continue in a child for many years, but in a relatively short time it no longer becomes necessary to associate pictures with the music. For your child has learned to form his own pictures, in his own mind. You have taught him how!

Then it is time for the next step. From his first love of Bozo's Circus music, it is easy to move on to the story of *Sparky's Magic Piano*... the little boy who didn't want to take piano lessons, and all the fun he missed. Here is music of a more advanced sort... Chopin, Haydn and other noted composers. It is great music, but again it's linked to a story children *enjoy.*

And on to *Rusty in Orchestraville,* where the various instruments are introduced... and the Disney classics, such as *The Sorcerer's Apprentice.*

It isn't long before the music itself is significant and entertaining to the child mind. And from that point on, the selection broadens to include some of the world's truly great music.

But remember that your child, unless he is a prodigy, will not be forced into music appreciation, and later to learn an instrument. It is a step-by-step education... started early!

SOUND GUIDANCE AVAILABLE – Capitol Records has long specialized in children's records and albums. (Capitol first introduced Record-Readers.) Through the years, the best-selling albums continue to be Capitol, and Capitol remains *the outstanding leader in the field.*

We will be happy to send any interested parent a brochure listing Capitol approved albums, with descriptive details. Write Capitol Records, Dept. S5, 1730 Broadway, New York 19, New York.

These are representative of Capitol's Music Appreciation and Educational Children's Record Albums and Record-Reader Albums. Available at all record stores and departments: *Walt Disney's Robin Hood • Rusty in Orchestraville • Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik • The Sorcerer's Apprentice • Sparky's Magic Piano • Bozo's Circus Band • The Nutcracker Suite • Kindness to Animals • Snow White And Rose Red • Woody Woodpecker's Picnic • Bugs Bunny Sings • Children's Songs And Stories • Nursery Rhymes • Tales of Uncle Remus • Noah And The Ark • Dorothy And The Wizard In Oz.*

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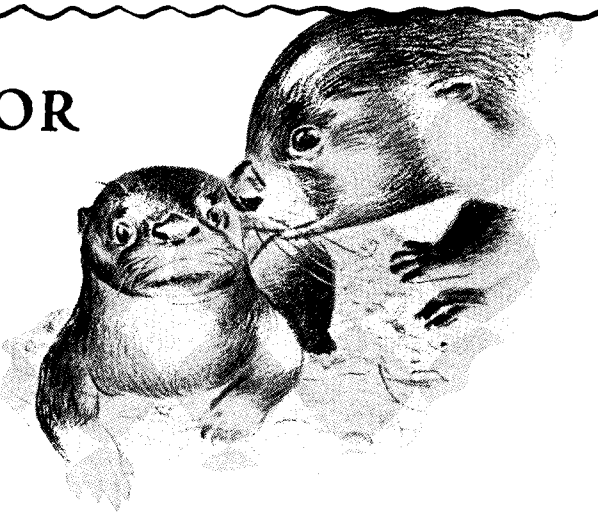

AN OTTER'S STORY

By Emil E. Liers

Illustrated by Tony Palazzo

Dramatic story of a young otter growing up and raising a family in the North Woods. Fresh, unsentimental, and fascinating. Remember the playful otters in the movie *Beaver Valley?* Naturalist Liers, recently the subject of a *Life* article, was Disney's technical advisor. *Ages 9-12* $2.50

PET OF THE MET

Story and Pictures

by Lydia and Don Freeman

Prize Winner, New York Herald Tribune Children's Spring Book Festival

A music-loving mouse family who inhabit the Metropolitan Opera House have much trouble with a fearsome music-hating cat, until one magical afternoon during the children's matinee. "An original and distinguished book that contains much to surprise and delight both children and adults." —*The Horn Book* *Ages 4-8* $2.50

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ALL ALONE

By Claire Huchet Bishop

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Honor Book, New York Herald Tribune Children's Spring Book Festival

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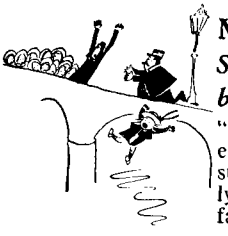

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